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PRINCIPAL CONTENTS	PAGE	PAGE
CONFLICTING LOYALTIES TO CHURCH AND STATE (J. H. Oldham)	385	SCIENCE:
THE WORLD YESTERDAY AND TODAY:		Science in the Making—Territory in Bird Life (J. M. McC. Fisher)
Celebrating Handel at Halle (R. S. Lambert)	387	413
Imperial Defence (H. V. Hodson)	394	MICROPHONE MISCELLANY:
The British Empire in the Flying Age (Sir Evelyn Wrench)	395	New Zealand and its People—At Appleby Horse Fair—Solomon Island Personalities—The Whole Duty of Japanese Women—Restoring the Beauty of Escome
Setbacks for Roosevelt (Raymond Swing)	396	414
Youth Looks Ahead—'The Socialism of Christ' (William Kenworthy)	402	POINTS FROM LETTERS:
Experiments in the American Cotton Market (John Jewkes)	404	Major Yeats-Brown on Fascism in Italy—John Baker on Authors and Booksellers—C. B. Marsh and the Rev. Joseph McCulloch on 'Youth Looks Ahead'—the Rev. F. Heming Vaughan on the Roman Catholic Doctrine of Hell—a Protest from Lord Raglan—Dr. John R. Baker on Science and Pseudo-Science—Lt.-Col. R. H. Elliot on the Magic Circle and Karachi's Challenge, etc.
Retirement Pensions and Their Cost (Professor John Hilton)	417	420
THE LISTENER:		BOOKS AND AUTHORS:
Concoctions and Cooking	392	Attitudes to Poverty (G. K. Chesterton)
Week by Week	392	The Listener's Book Chronicle
ART:		Recent French Novels (Denis Saurat)
Modern Chinese Painting (Herbert Read)	398	423
The Machine Age of Art (Eric Newton and Sir Charles Holmes)	399	424
RELIGION:		426
The Way to God—How Jesus Christ Conquered (Fr. C. C. Martindale)	407	POEM:
RADIO NEWS-REEL	409	Six Ladder-steps for Lent (John Short)
		401
		THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD
		vii
		SUMMARY OF PROGRAMMES
		viii

EARLY SPRING BOOK SUPPLEMENT

Reviews by Professor H. C. Wyld, Sir William Beveridge, C. R. Cruttwell, J. W. N. Sullivan, Michael Roberts, Arundell Esdaile, Charles Madge, J. L. Hammond, Dr. Thomas Armstrong, Hamilton Fyfe, L. E. O. Charlton and A. S. Russell

Freedom and Authority in the Modern World

Conflicting Loyalties to Church and State

By J. H. OLDHAM

Dr. Oldham is Secretary of the International Missionary Council and author of 'Christianity and the Race Problem'

WHAT has been happening in regard to the Church in Germany during the past two years has done two things. It has opened the eyes of Christian people to the fact that not only in Germany but in the world as a whole the Church is engaged in a life-and-death conflict with powerful forces which challenge its whole understanding of life. And, secondly, it has reminded political rulers that, even in our modern world with its secular outlook, religious convictions are a force that cannot lightly be overridden. The only effective resistance that has been offered to the all-embracing claims of the National-Socialist State has been that of the Christian Churches, Evangelical and Roman Catholic. Signor Mussolini pointed the moral in a remarkable speech which he delivered a few weeks ago. He insisted that the whole history of western civilisation proves that when the State undertakes to fight against religion, it is the State which will emerge defeated in the end, since in a struggle with the Church the State is engaged with an opponent with which it cannot come to grips. It is a struggle against the spirit of man in its most intimate and profound form.

Making a Moral Absolute of the State

In this subject of Church and State we come, I believe, to the heart of things. As recent talks have reminded us, claims are advanced today on behalf of the State which go far beyond the organisation of society for the greater freedom of the persons who compose it. It is insisted that the individual should subordinate himself unconditionally to the group. The State is made a moral absolute. It refuses to acknowledge any authority outside or beyond itself. It attempts to form the outlook and mould the thought and feelings of its citizens. It aims, as Mr. Cruttwell put it, at being the grand architect of human lives. It seeks to impose on them a particular philosophy of life. It employs all the immensely powerful agencies of information and education at its disposal to create a particular type of man. I am, of course, not so foolish as to suppose that what is coming to be known as the totalitarian State can be disposed of in a sentence. It is essential that we should understand both the historical causes which have brought it into existence

and the elements of truth in the ends which it is seeking to realise. But I do not think we can be mistaken in recognising in these tendencies a grave menace to the life of mankind. The danger lies in the concentration of such vast and far-reaching powers in the hands of the comparatively small body of men who wield the actual power in a State. They are, like ourselves, limited in intelligence and in experience and are, like us, creatures of their own time. They are neither wise enough, nor virtuous enough nor disinterested enough to be safely entrusted with the immeasurable responsibility of imposing a single pattern of thinking and living on every man, woman and child in the community.

It is not my business here, however, to talk about Communism, or National-Socialism or Fascism. All of them, in spite of the deep differences and oppositions between them, seem to me to have at least this in common, that they subordinate the individual person to the group or the collective interest. I am concerned with them only in so far as they shed light on my present subject. And this they do, as it seems to me, in two ways.

Secularisation of Our Thoughts and Interests

In the first place, they are opening our eyes to a state of things which is found not only in countries like Russia, Germany and Italy, but which is common to the whole western world—and to the rest of the world, so far as it has come under the influence of western civilisation. In the light of these uncompromising claims on behalf of the State we can see more clearly the extent to which social and political interests have become the central interests in modern life. They have in large measure ousted the religious interest from the minds of men. Ever since the Renaissance the thoughts of men have been occupied more and more with secular things. Not only has a large part of the population in all western countries broken altogether with the religious tradition, but we have all, Christians and non-Christians alike, become secularised in our thought and interests and preoccupations. It is only the culminating expression of this prevailing temper when it is openly and uncompromisingly asserted that the political interest is supreme, and that everything must be subordinated to the well-being and progress of the community represented by the National State. It is clear, therefore, that the question of the relation between Church and State cannot be separated from the question of the relation of the Church to secular culture. The issue for the Church today is not simply the threat to its existence involved in totalitarian claims by the State, but the deeper challenge to its own understanding of life which comes from the secularised thought of our age.

But, secondly, these new systems which have arisen in our time are opening our eyes to see, on the other hand, that the escape from religious issues is not so easy or simple as many have supposed. When these have been thrust out by the front door they are apt to push their way in again surreptitiously by the back. As Mr. Cruttwell has constantly reminded us, the questions in debate in regard to the State and its authority depend in the last resort on what we believe about man and the ends of his existence. All doctrines of the State presuppose certain beliefs regarding the nature of reality and the meaning of human life. This is what is being forcibly brought home to us by the new movements in Europe. One of the most widely read works of National-Socialism, which in spite of its six hundred pages is said to have attained a circulation of two hundred thousand copies, has as its title *The Myth of the Twentieth Century*. It professes to offer, that is to say, a new religion suited to the needs of the twentieth century. It seeks to give to National-Socialism a definitely religious basis in the belief that the racial soul of a people is the determining factor of man's existence. Fascism, again, as expounded by Signor Mussolini rests on a definite philosophy of the nation as the supreme controlling factor of human life. Marxism has drawn its

strength from the conviction that the ends which it seeks are not self-chosen but those which the irresistible forces of history are working to bring to pass. What seems clear beyond all question is that what is going on today before our eyes is a conflict of living faiths, passionately believed, about the ultimate meaning of human life, and that multitudes have found in them what seems to them an absolute, calling for a complete and uncalculating devotion.

I come now to the question whether in this situation the Christian Church has a vital contribution to make to the issues in debate. I am aware that if I maintain that it has, that assertion has to be made in the face not only of widespread and vehement denial, but—what is more serious—of a deep questioning in many of the most thoughtful minds of our time. We are told, for example, by those bearing the most distinguished names that the Churches have lost touch with the realities of modern life; that during many generations there has been a gradual decay of religious influence in European civilisation; and that Christianity has ceased to be a directing and integrating influence in men's thoughts and sentiments. I have called attention to the existence of this widespread feeling that the beliefs and activities of the Churches have little bearing on the real problems and tasks of the actual world, because I want to assert in face of it that nothing could be more relevant to the issues raised by the claims of the totalitarian State than the Christian understanding of the life of man.

The Christian View of Human Life

The Christian understanding of the life of man is that his life finds its fulfilment and satisfaction in the relations of persons with persons. In making that statement I am, of course, not thinking only of the relations of men to their fellow-men. I shall say something in a moment about the inseparable connection between our relation to our neighbour and our relation to God. The point I want to make now is that the Church is fundamentally and irreversibly committed to the view that the end of human life is community or fellowship between persons. The deepest meaning of life is found in friendship, in love, in worship. To make clear the meaning of that statement there are three things that I wish to emphasise.

In the first place, what the statement means and the way in which it bears on the present situation can, perhaps, be most clearly seen by what it denies. The Christian understanding of life, that is to say, is sharply opposed to any view which looks on men merely as instruments to be used for the furtherance of a cause or the realisation of an ulterior purpose. It denies that man exists for the sake of a group or an institution, and maintains on the contrary that the group, the institution, the nation, the State, exist to further the life of persons in community with other persons. It refuses to subordinate the individual to organisation and insists that the purpose of organisation is to create the conditions in which persons are free to respond freely to the demands and love of persons. It finds the meaning and end of human existence in a community of love and mutual service.

But, secondly, the Christian assertion of the supremacy of the personal is opposed no less radically to the self-seeking individualism against which the new collectivist systems are in a revolt. The Christian understanding of life is quite different from the emphasis which since the Renaissance has been laid on the value of human personality. Humanism has always tended to think of personality in isolation. Its interest has been in the efforts of the individual self to understand and master the world. And this individualistic way of looking at things is not really affected, or fundamentally changed, by the fact that men have long ago discovered that they can very often best achieve their individual purposes by combination and co-operation. But the Christian assertion of the supremacy

(Continued on page 419)

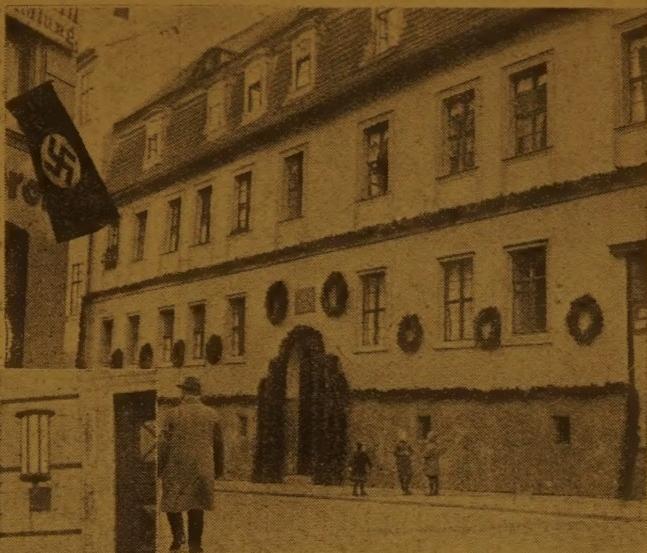
Celebrating Handel at Halle

By R. S. LAMBERT

An account of the Festival held at Halle in Saxony to celebrate the 250th anniversary of Handel's birth there on February 23, 1685

IT is midnight, February 22-23—the kind of wet windy February night that leaves streets washed clean enough to reflect lights. The wide market-place of the city of Halle in Saxony is filled with a huge crowd waiting for the bells of the neighbouring churches to cease, and gazing up at the five tall floodlit towers which dominate the square and the statue in its centre. Suddenly, on the stroke of the hour, there emerges from the old Rathaus in the south-east corner a procession of uniformed *Deutsche Jugend* carrying torches, which advances to the centre of the market-place and encircles a statue. They form a guard of honour for the commemoration of Halle's greatest son, Handel, who was born 250 years ago. The township has cleared away unsightly iron railings round his statue, and replaced them with carpets of evergreens culled from German fir forests. To the foot of the statue now march up in turn representatives of three nations, England, Italy and Germany, to lay their tribute in the form of huge

Exchange (*Deutsch-Englischer Kulturaustausch*), founded by Frau Dr. Liebenam in 1930. This tiny voluntary society, growing up under the wing of Halle University, has had the faith



The house in the Nicolai-strasse where Handel was born



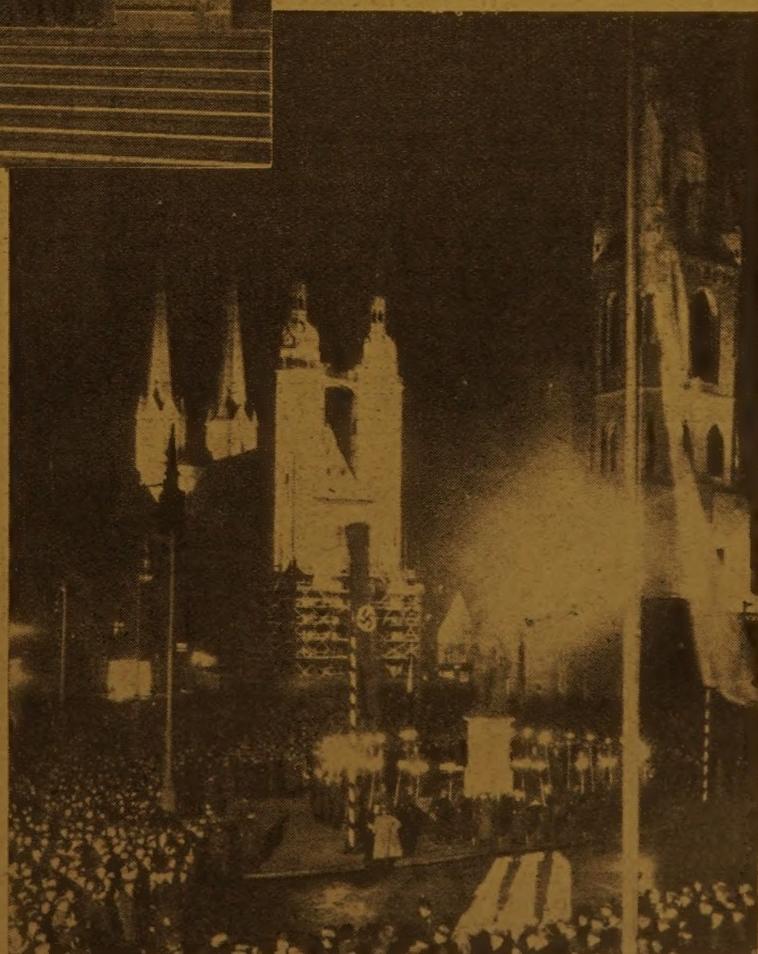
Members of the Student Corps carrying their banners out after the Handel memorial lecture in the University of Halle-Wittenberg

Photograph: Wolfgang Klaue, Halle

wreaths. Then, before the crowd has finished gaping at this, from high up on a bridge connecting the two towers of the Markt-Kirche, sound the solemn and plaintive strains of music by Handel's forerunners, half-forgotten seventeenth-century German composers who were just beginning to try and lift their country's culture out of the ruins of the Thirty Years' War. This midnight music, played by trombones and trumpets, ushers in with a certain melancholy dignity the Handel Day, or rather three days, which Halle has given up to glorifying him who left her at the age of eighteen to draw his inspiration from one foreign country and to live his manhood and unfold the flower of his genius in another foreign country. Halle educated Handel and taught him the organ; then he went from her. Consequently, to celebrate Handel Halle must give herself up to the international spirit, must acknowledge that she shares Handel with Italy, and still more with England, his adopted home.

National Socialist Germany can hardly be called internationally minded at the present time. All the more credit, therefore, to those who determined from the start to give this Handel 'Fest' both a Germanic and an international (Anglo-Saxon) character. The idea of this is traceable to an institution peculiar to present-day Germany, the Anglo-German Cultural

which moves mountains; it symbolises the admiration and affection which the German of today feels for England and the



Midnight birthday tribute to Handel in the Market Square of Halle

Paul Popper

English. Here a little English library and reading room and English correspondence are maintained. This society has supplied the impulse which has shaped the Halle *Handel-fest* into an international mould. Handel has never been honoured

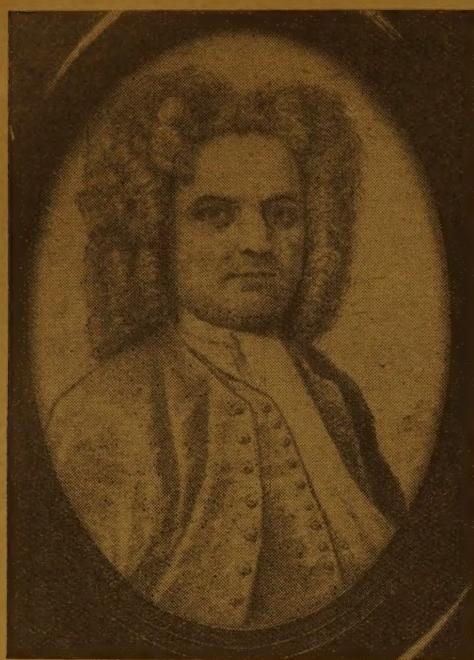
or performed in Germany as he has in England: hence, the celebrations gave an opportunity to popularise his music and the country of his birth, and at the same time to draw English visitors and students to Halle itself.

The town starts with modest advantages only. It lies on the edge of the huge plain which surrounds Leipzig (Napoleon

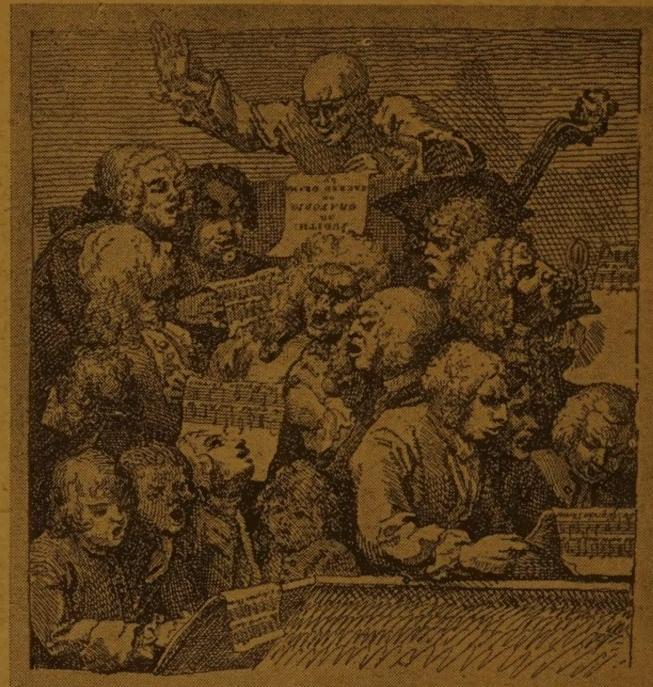
retreated through Halle after the Battle of Leipzig), on rising ground above the rather turbid river Saale. From across the river you can see its long, gaunt cathedral, lacking either tower or spire, encased in the fortifications which were built to defend it in the sixteenth century. Here Handel learned to play the organ, and here, two and half centuries later, the most important of his birthday celebrations has been held—a performance of the 'Messiah', not after the lively English style, with heavy-weight chorus and booming organ, but in the meticulous solemnified German style, with perfect precision of orchestral playing and choral singing, yet with interpolations and interpretations strange, yet instructive, to English ears. The interior of the *Dom*, with its long narrow nave, and pillars carrying heavy baroque statues that cast fantastic shadows from the lighting, provided a deeply impressive background for the three-and-a-half hours' performance, conducted by the University music-director, Dr. Rahlwes. A little further along the river stands the old feudal castle of Moritzburg, which is now the local museum and houses a substantial collection of Handel relics, which the town has gathered from all quarters. Considering that it lies in the centre of a considerable industrial district containing coal mines (lignite), chemical

Foundling Hospital, which Handel delighted to encourage by his charity performances. In a winding narrow street off the market place stands the house where the great musician was born. Next door to it is a bigger building bulging with Handel busts and florid inscriptions that for many years proclaimed it falsely to be his birthplace. But now its less ostentatious next-door neighbour has been proved to be the genuine claimant; and one of the chief functions during the celebrations was the unveiling by the *Oberburgermeister*, Dr. Weidemann, of a wall tablet emphasising Handel's international status as a musician.

The musical features of the celebrations were obviously chosen to present as many different aspects of his work as possible. They left the visitor with a profound impression of Handel's versatility. Beside the performance of the 'Messiah', the 'high spots' were the rendering of the 'Cäcilien-Ode' in the *Stadtschützenhaus*, and the performance of his opera, 'Otto und Theophano' in the *Stadttheater*. It was strange to English taste to have a concert of which the former was the principal event broken in two parts by long political-mystical



Portrait of Handel, by C. F. Zinke
Victoria and Albert Museum



Hogarth's drawing of a choir rehearsing the 'Messiah'
Paul Poper

musical orations by Herr Rosenberg, Germany's cultural dictator, and other local Nazi leaders. But also strange was the German toleration of an invading horde of flashlight photographers, who operated unceasingly and ubiquitously throughout this and succeeding performances, creeping from

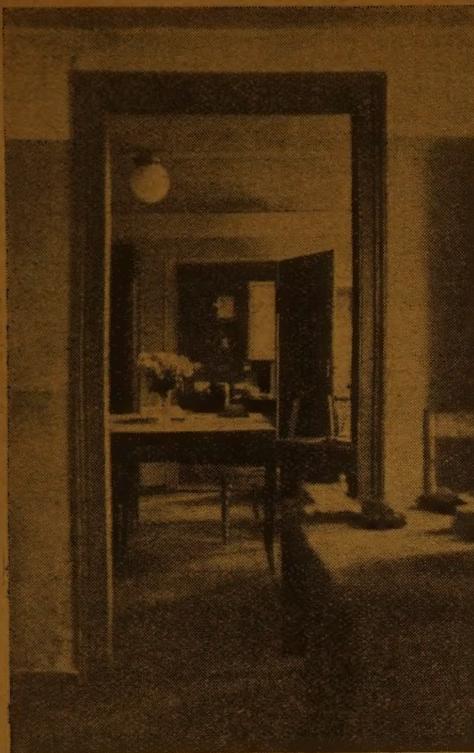
point to point round the stage, and through the auditorium and gangways, wasting incredible quantities of magnesium powder (to the discomfort of the eyes of the audience) in duplicating shots of every conceivable attitude struck by speakers, conductors, soloists, choruses, front-bench local Nazi leaders, and foreign visitors. But this orgy of flash-photography was the sole noticeable drawback to celebrations otherwise distinguished by dignity, efficiency and picturesque pageantry. An example of the latter was given by the University of Halle-Wittenberg (Luther's own Uni-

versity, which migrated to Halle in the seventeenth century), when its turn came to play a part in the celebrations. Though it was out of term time, a resplendent gathering of doctors and students assembled for the Handel Memorial Lecture in the University Hall. First marched the banner-bearers of eighteen University Student Corps, gay in their plumed hats



Halle in Handel's time

and other works, Halle is a remarkably quiet and pleasant town. It is clean, with wide streets and moderate traffic, lacking really old houses but preserving a certain atmosphere which to the Londoner is faintly reminiscent of, say, Mecklenburgh Square. Its huge straggling orphanage, built during Handel's boyhood, suggests comparison with the London



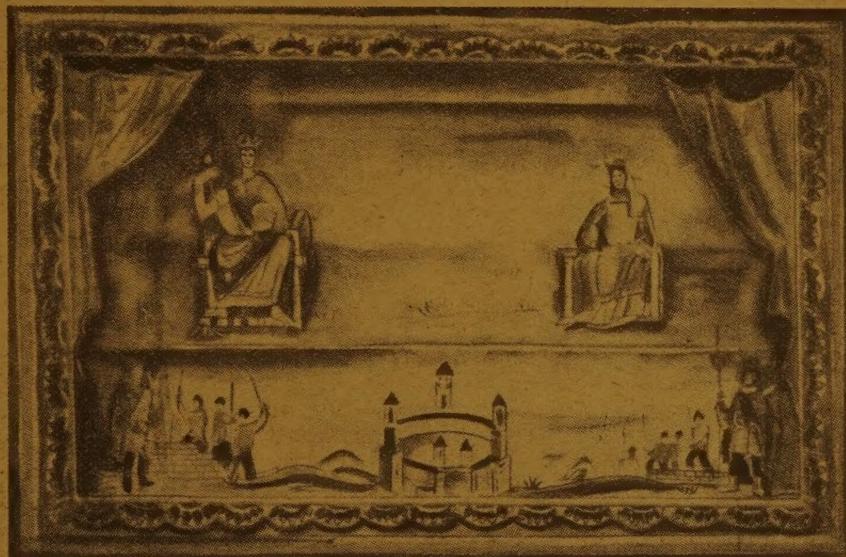
Offices of the Anglo-German Cultural Exchange at Halle

worn by Nazi and Reichswehr representatives, others by the Guildsmen of the Salt-workers (*Halloren*)—a gorgeous blue or scarlet velvet tunic fringed with innumerable gold buttons from neck to knee. In the midst of this elaborate Meistersinger-like gathering, one saw the representative of the University of Cambridge, Professor Dent, tall, urbane, imperturbable, rise to deliver in German an eloquent lecture on Handel, teeming with scholarship, wit, and skilful allusions to cer-

and variegated d o u b l e t s . These, holding their banners, formed a circular background, in front of which were arrayed the doctors of the faculties (theology, medicine, law) in their purple, scarlet and blue robes. The audience was almost as gay, with its variety of uniforms, some

tain political virtues at present under a cloud in Nazi Germany. Professor Dent's address was not the least happy of the many excellent orations on Handel to which the Festival authorities treated themselves during these three days.

To most of those present at the Festival, Handel the opera-composer was as much a novelty as Handel the oratorio composer. Even an Englishman, however proud he may be to reflect upon the familiarity with the 'Messiah' of most church- and chapel-goers in our English townships, could not boast the slightest stage knowledge of Handel's operas. In a sense, therefore, the performance of 'Otto und Theophano' was the principal achievement of the Festival. It partook no doubt of a certain necessary hybridity. The story is Byzantine, and the music-rocco, while a stiffening of guest-singers imported from Berlin for the occasion brought Wagnerian traditions of costume and acting with them. None the less, the performance was a triumph, primarily because of brilliant orchestral playing under the direction of Bruno Vondenhoff, the young Music Director of the Festival, of whom more will certainly be heard in due course in the concert-halls and opera-houses of Europe. Strengthened by the importation of several beautiful arias from



Curtain designed for the performance of 'Otto und Theophano'

Handel's other operas, 'Otto und Theophano' was received with rapturous applause by an audience which evidently found it a refreshing change from ordinary operatic fare. This proof that Handel's operas can hold the stage is worth notice by Sadler's Wells and Covent Garden.

One of the acts of the town authorities of Halle during the Festival has been to decree Handel's birthday a perpetual public holiday, with the object of preparing the way for future annual festivities. Any plan of this sort, however, necessarily suggests continuing and developing the Anglo-German contacts which spring from Handel's life and fame in England. The remarkably warm welcome and hospitality shown by Halle to its English visitors this year is evidence of a desire to stimulate a regular pilgrimage in future years to Handel's birthplace. It is not inconceivable that in time an annual Handel Festival might be established which would attract a regular flow of tourists from across the Channel. Those in local authority in the new Germany are young, energetic and attractive personalities; and having a certain tenure of office to look forward to, they can put a good deal of hard spadework into building up a new enterprise of this sort. Yet there are in this case considerable difficulties to be overcome. Halle is quite a pleasant place to spend a week-end in, but its 'sights' are not comparable with those of Salzburg or Munich. At present the attractions are chiefly educational—for instance, a vacation course for English students during the coming August for the special study of Handel and his work. That will draw a certain flow of music students, but the general public will require more popular attractions. Perhaps the Anglo-German Cultural Exchange may form a basis on which wider developments could arise. No other similar society exists in Germany,



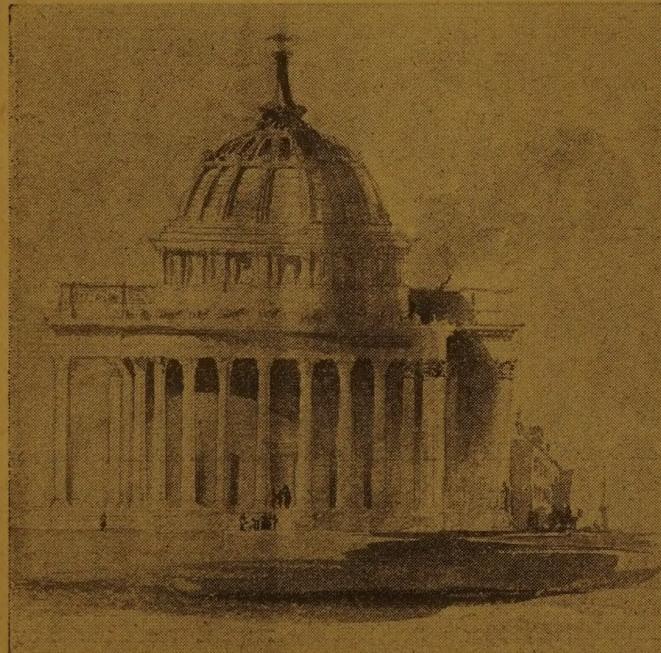
Francke's Orphanage in Halle, founded during Handel's boyhood

and nowhere else can there exist a stronger feeling of friendliness towards England. If Halle's local authorities are wise, they will encourage this society for all they are worth. So far Germany has not shown herself a skilful propagandist as regards foreign opinion. Here, however, she has a strong card to play. Her music is Germany's best ambassador, and Handel is England's best-known composer. Across such a bridge many friendly passages may be made, particularly when the present economic difficulties have become eased, and the flow of tourist traffic between England and Germany commences again unhampered by exchange restrictions. For with all their foreign travelling, English people remain profoundly insular in outlook. It is an educative process for any individualistic

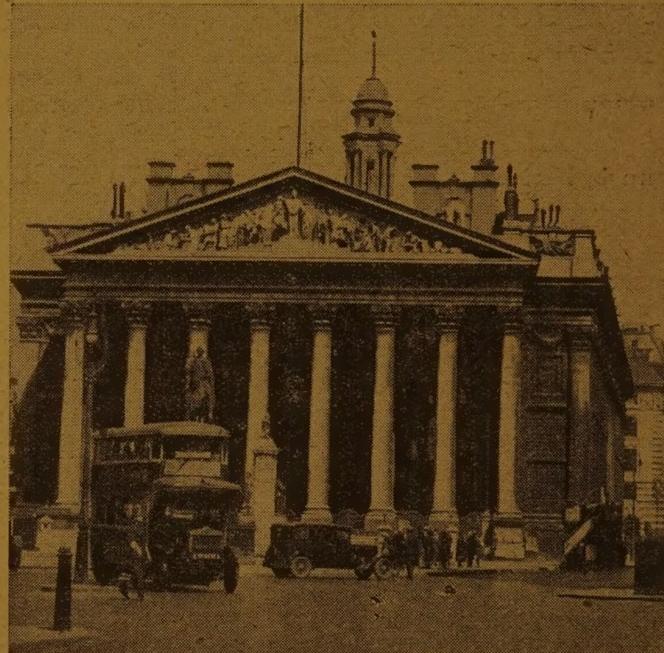
islander, with his assured sea-frontiers, to visit a place like Halle, where he finds himself placed in the midst of an illimitable plain stretching out hundreds of miles to the very gates of Russia and the beginning of the Orient. The spiritual agoraphobia of the German people cannot be understood without experiencing what it is to live in a rich fertile land with frontiers that Nature never chose and cannot guarantee. Since understanding between nations can hardly flourish except through direct contacts, let us hope that Halle will succeed in its ambition to become an Anglo-German centre where we Englishmen can begin the process, so salutary and necessary for Europe's future, of better understanding our Central European cousins.

Buildings That Never Happened

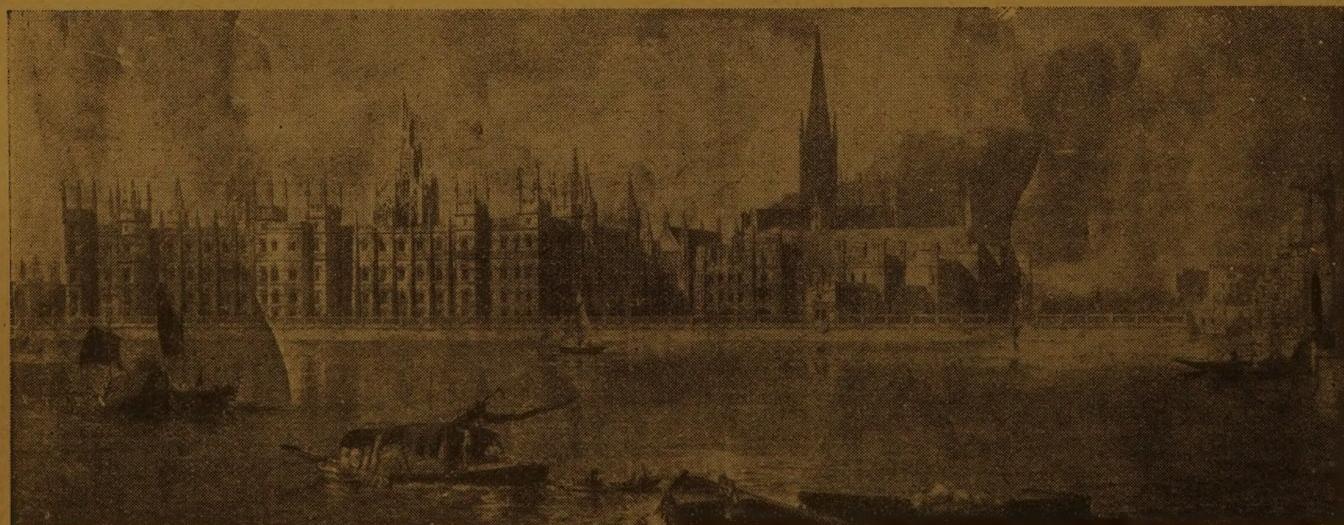
At the Royal Institute of British Architects' present Exhibition of Books and Drawings from its Library are shown various competition and other designs for London buildings which were never carried out; we reproduce some of these and, for comparison, pictures of the buildings as eventually erected



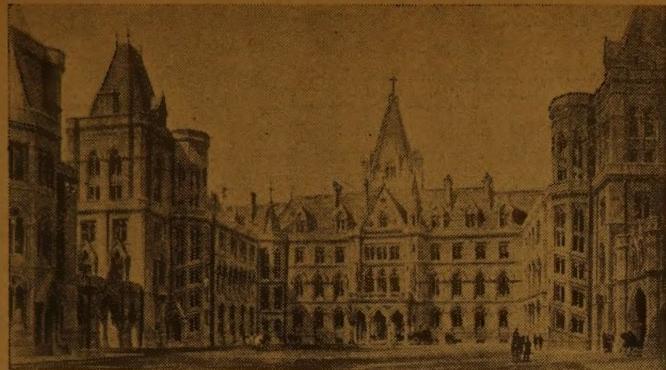
The Royal Exchange: design of elevation submitted by H. L. Elmes (1813-47)—



—and the existing building, done to the winning design of Sir William Tite (1798-1873)



Houses of Parliament: design submitted by L. N. Cottingham (1787-1847) for the competition for a building in the Gothic style



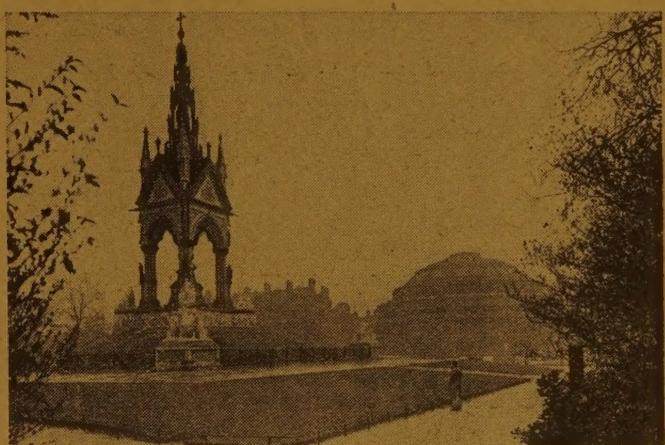
The Foreign Office: the first Gothic design, by Sir Gilbert Scott; but on Palmerston's insisting on a Classical style—



—Scott changed his design, and the present building is the result



Albert Memorial: design submitted by T. L. Donaldson—



—and Sir Gilbert Scott's winning design



Tower Bridge: design submitted in 1878 by Sir Horace Jones, who eventually built the bridge in 1886-94—



—in collaboration with Sir John Wolfe Barry, to a slightly different design

Walter Scott



Houses of Parliament, as built to the design of Sir Charles Barry and A. W. N. Pugin



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.I. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 18s. 8d.; Overseas and Foreign, £1 1s. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this issue: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.

Concoctions and Cooking

THE opening of the Universal Food and Cookery Exhibition at the New Horticultural Hall was an obvious occasion for the reiteration of some home truths about the standard of cooking in this country. With the disappearance of the old self-contained agricultural economy the art of cooking has lost many of the rivals which in past times competed for the attention of the good housewife. Brewing and baking, the still-room, the care of livestock, these parts of the domestic round have either wholly or partly disappeared. Centralisation and machinery and the habit of dwelling in or near large towns have diminished the scope for skill and artistic creation. But cooking remains. To the older standards of comfortable delight, to the traditional knowledge of dishes which have been evolved by degrees and proved through the generations, there can now be added a whole body of new scientific knowledge about diet. To combine gastronomics and dietetics may sound a formidable undertaking, and is certainly one that gives far more range for the display of talent than most of the activities open to ordinary women as daily occupations. But the truth, in the opinion of those well qualified to express an opinion, is that there has been retrogression instead of advance. 'English cooking to-day', says Mr. Kriens, the head of the London County Council Technical Institute, whom the Managing Director of the Savoy recently acclaimed as the most successful cookery instructor in Europe, 'is worse than it was a hundred or even twenty-five years ago'. There is no absence of interest, and Mr. Kriens himself teaches large numbers of women who have left offices or other stereotyped forms of employment to master this creative art. The B.B.C. has sold over a hundred and fifty thousand copies of the three pamphlets on *Economical Cookery*, written by Mrs. Arthur Webb. Yet there is still too little imagination and too much conventional routine. Great numbers of women give themselves mild headaches in a search for variety to be conjured out of their heads. The use of tinned goods, which can be in their place such a great asset to the table, is too often made to serve in the place of direct cooking.

Mr. Kriens attributes much of the deterioration to false standards borrowed from the Continent. Hotels are the

great offenders in this respect. A kind of cosmopolitan meal has become common form—a meal which alike in its menu titles and its arrangement is a miserable compromise between France and England. Grand hotels are quite recent things, which have spread from the great capitals to the smaller towns and watering-places, replacing the old inn or lodging-house and bringing standards of splendour and decoration based on their great prototypes of Paris or London, and often preferring gilded decoration to solid comfort. It is said that the L.C.C. intend to add to their present courses of training for young waiters, courses which will teach hotel management which, at present, apprentices go abroad to learn. We hope that this is the case. English hotels ought to be the great local centres of influence, setting local standards and radiating their influence into the humblest kitchens around them. England is particularly rich in provincial variety, in the special dishes that belong to different parts of the country. Today these dishes may be met with in farmhouses or in small places of refreshment, while the main hotels, those that carry the signs to reassure motorists that they will meet with nothing unfamiliar, all seek and achieve a dreadful uniformity for the main meals of the day. There are a great many points in hotel management, particularly for the kind of hotels, to which the future seems to belong in a country where, by rail or motor, any journey can be accomplished without being broken for the night. The residential hotel, the health resort hotel, do not cater for birds of immediate passage, but for people who greatly welcome some variety in their food in visits which, at the shortest, last for several days.

But whether or no the hotels of the country tap the resources of their localities, and begin to glory in the dishes they can do differently and become centres of culinary influence, it is certain that for the mass of the working population no subject gives a richer or more immediate return for proficiency. Cooking is a great test of civilised living, and it is a test by which many illiterate peasantries take higher rank than our own urban populations. In the use of vegetables, in particular, the poorer populations of other countries achieve results which, both for succulence and support, are far ahead of the simple boiled dishes which accompany the main dish for Sunday dinner. In a great many English households, where the family only eats together in the evening, the meal is of a 'high-tea' type, in which vegetables play little or no part. A prize is now being offered by the Savoy Hotel, as a Silver Jubilee Commemoration, for the three best recipes for cheap vegetable soups; those grand bowlfuls of *minestrone* and the other types with which the wives of Europe open the counter-attack to quell the appetites of the most ravenous men.

Week by Week

THE average citizen finds the larger London museums somewhat formidable places. He is aware that they possess enormous and priceless collections; but so many objects are packed into so many glass cases, that he is bewildered by their number and profusion. He may have hoped to learn something about life in ancient Egypt, or about Chinese pottery, or about eighteenth-century England; but after walking past miles of sarcophagi, vases, and secrétaires, he feels merely tired and disillusioned. The special guide books may be excellent of their kind, but he has not come to learn out of a book, and the system of guide lectures makes him feel like a tourist in his own town. Six years ago the Royal Commission on Museums strongly recommended the appointment of an officer whose special business should be to interpret the museums to the public. Since then the idea seems to have been quietly shelved; and the British Museum admits frankly, perhaps with a certain amount of pride, that it does not attempt to cater for

people who learn: it only preserves for scholars. It is only in a few of the smaller museums, and in temporary exhibitions, that one finds the combination of judicious selection and arrangement which alone will make even the most valuable collection intelligible to the layman. Lack of space, lack of funds, and a certain understandable conservatism are the chief obstacles to be overcome. The appointment by the L.C.C. of a full-time organiser to bring schools and museums into touch, is at least a step in the right direction. But it is a very small step. The organiser is advised in the first instance to concentrate mainly on the Horniman Museum in order to accumulate experience. Later he can base part of his activities on the collection at the Geffrye Museum. Meanwhile the best a class of children can do at one of our national museums is trail round in the wake of a venerable guide and learn to keep its fingers off the glass. In this matter London lags far behind the provinces. In Leicester and Manchester, Salford and Reading, the museums go out of their way to help the schools. They make up cases of objects accompanied by pictures and other explanatory matter, and send them out at the request of teachers to illustrate particular lessons in the classroom. With the wealth of material available in London an arrangement of this kind could be made extremely valuable. For a museum should not be merely a repository for rare and beautiful objects. It should be just as much concerned to interpret its treasures to the community at large as to preserve them from the unscholarly attentions of Tom, Dick and Harry.

* * *

An interesting experiment is being conducted by the Libraries Department at Swinton and Pendlebury in Lancashire. Groups of young unemployed men are to meet at the Library and, at their own wish, are to consider the subject of travel. The historical background of places of interest in the neighbourhood is something which books or lectures can provide. It is not reasonable to expect young men, particularly with the approach of spring, to find any great resource during enforced idleness in merely sedentary reading. Equally, completely objectless perambulations are depressing exercises. But to travel, even in a small range, knowing what you are going to see and why, is an entirely different matter, and has always been considered one of the most natural ways of enjoying oneself. But it is well known that the pleasures of travel depend very exactly on being interested in the things you go to see. The Americans of innumerable comic stories who 'do' Europe in a series of hasty and superficial glances derive but little real enjoyment because they are almost totally unacquainted with the local histories of the show places of Europe. On a smaller scale, in such a county as Lancashire, the antiquarian who knows that he is in a very old country with a long history gets an enjoyment which only his studies confer on him. Local history is a particularly good, because concrete, method of studying economic, industrial and social history—the kind of history which has most immediate interest for the victims of economic depression. The man who can raise a bicycle can command a radius from his home so great that there is no home in England which has not in its circuit a great number of interesting places. Guides, keepers, vergers all know the complete blankness of face and mind with which most of their information is received. It conveys little or nothing because it is not related to any wider knowledge. Librarians and others who set out to make the acquisition of such background knowledge as palatable and easy as they can will be doing much to rescue the study of local antiquities from its present undeserved classification as a dry-as-dust activity chiefly pursued by the elderly as a hobby in retirement, and to give it its rightful place in the imaginations of the people for whose benefit the Libraries are there.

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The Jubilee provides the occasion for several of the talks in the summer's programme. On May 12 the Rev. A. C. Deane, Canon of Windsor and Chaplain to the King, will talk on 'Church and King'; and on Monday mornings, from April to June, Dr. C. J. S. Thompson, Librarian of the Royal College of Surgeons, will give a series called 'From Jubilee to Jubilee', describing fifty years of change in those sides of our life which specially affect the housewife—education, conditions in the home, nursing, etc. During the last winter the question of freedom has been thoroughly discussed at the microphone,

but chiefly from the academic and objective point of view. The new series on Freedom is planned on a more personal basis; the speakers, who will include politicians, writers, administrators and public men, will be asked to proclaim their own conception of freedom, and to say what they are willing to sacrifice in order to achieve it. The chief topics for discussion groups will be Custom and Conduct—with Dr. H. A. Mess, Director of the Tyneside Council of Social Service, and Professor W. G. de Burgh discussing the bases of conduct in the world today from the point of view of the sociologist and philosopher—and Danubian Clues to European Peace. This may be regarded as following on last summer's series on the Treaty of Versailles; Professor Toynbee and Professor Seton-Watson will supply the historical setting of the Danubian situation—the break-up of the Turkish and Austro-Hungarian Empires, the drawing of new frontiers after the War; various travellers will then give a picture of the Danube countries today; and George Glasgow, C. A. Macartney, D. Mitrany, Wickham Steed and Sir Arthur Salter will later discuss such questions as minority problems, Balkan nationalism, the Little Entente, Italian, French and German influence in the Danube, and the significance of such events as the assassinations of Dollfuss and King Alexander. These series will be on Tuesdays and Thursdays after Easter; before Easter the 7.30 periods will be filled by two short series planned to interest walkers—on the English Village Church, and on the Map of England (speaker, Brigadier H. St. J. Winterbotham of the Ordnance Survey)—and by one on Housing Abroad. 'Conversations in the Train', which to judge from appreciations received are an extremely popular feature, will be continued on Friday evenings, for five weeks; after them will come 'Among the British Islanders', which will turn on the idea of a traveller from Mars describing his experiences in our country. Gerald Heard, Mary Borden, Patrick Balfour, Maurice Healy, Archibald Lyall, Raymond Mortimer and A. G. Macdonnell will be the Martians, reporting on our education, sport, clothes, wedding customs, amusements, punishments, taboos; the result should be good satire. Regular criticism of books (Desmond MacCarthy), theatre (S. R. Littlewood), and cinema (Alistair Cooke), will go on as before; Sir Frederick Whyte and Mr. F. A. Voigt will continue their reports on foreign news, and Sir William Beveridge his survey on economic affairs; once a month Mr. H. V. Hodson will summarise Empire News; and Professor John Hilton will go on with his weekly commentary on current affairs to the unemployed.

* * *

Our Scottish correspondent writes: Those with a taste for social irony will find something to interest them in a scheme devised by the Duke of Montrose to exploit his estates in West Stirlingshire. His Grace has disposed of considerable parts of his patrimony during the last few years. The magnificent Ben Lomond has been on the market, also some of the islands in Loch Lomond, and a good acreage of the ancestral lands has passed to local authorities for their building schemes. For some time past, indeed, paying guests have been received at the family seat, Buchanan Castle, beautifully situated near Drymen. The new plan is an extension of the social idea. It aims at the establishment of a first-class golf-course on the lands near the Castle and the building of a handsome clubhouse round the ruins of a Buchanan Castle that was destroyed by fire some seventy years ago. Over and above that, plots of ground running to ten acres at least are to be offered to those who will undertake to build on them houses to cost not less than £2,500 each—which means a tolerably handsome residence. The Duke is one of the leaders of the Nationalist movement. (His factor, or land agent, is that Mr. J. M. Bannerman who was for so long the prop and stay of the Scottish Rugby International pack.) And it is perhaps a pity that the development is to be along purely luxury lines. But it remains extremely interesting for at least two reasons. It implies the faith that industrial Scotland can still throw up a number of people with quite a lot of money to spend; and it shows how the incidence of death duties on estates of little industrial value is leading slowly but surely to the breaking-up of these ancient holdings. There are other implications, perhaps best left to the politicians, but it is at least certain that the Duke's plan, which has received a good deal of publicity, marks a significant stage in the social and economic history of Great Britain.

Current Imperial Affairs

Imperial Defence

By H. V. HODSON

Mr. Hodson, who is a Fellow of All Souls, and Editor of 'The Round Table', will give monthly commentaries on Imperial Affairs

THE phrase 'Imperial defence' may call up very different ideas to different minds, and most of the arguments and misunderstandings about it arise because those who are arguing are not talking about the same thing. To most of us in Great Britain, probably, 'Imperial defence' conveys an idea of defending the scattered territories of the British Empire, and their overseas trade, against possible foreign attack. But clearly this is not at all the picture conjured up by the same phrase in the minds of Mr. Pirow, Minister of Defence in the Union of South Africa, and of his fellow-citizens of South Africa. For, speaking a month ago to the members of the Imperial Press Conference, he declared in the name of the whole South African Government that they would not participate in any general scheme of Imperial defence; and the reason he gave was that if they were to try to commit South Africa to taking part in another overseas war, there would be large-scale disturbances, possibly even civil war. If we are to accept this evidence of how the majority of people in South Africa think about Imperial defence—and I believe we must—it implies in their minds an attempt to tie them down to fighting in some future war, in which, as South Africans, they might have no concern. General Herzog and General Smuts have agreed to differ on the question whether South Africa could legally be neutral in a war involving other members of the British Commonwealth; but they are at one in insisting that it would be for South Africa, alone and independently, to decide how far, and in what way, she would take any active part.

This question of what are the rights and the duties of a Dominion in the event of a war in which other parts of the Commonwealth were engaged is not by any means a new one. It was raised very forcibly long before the War by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian Prime Minister, who claimed for Canada and the rest of the Dominions the same right of neutrality as is now claimed by General Herzog. But because it is an old question, that is not to say that it is out of date or unimportant. The problem, however, has changed fundamentally since those pre-War days. Every self-governing Dominion, as well as the United Kingdom, is now a separate member of the League of Nations. Our obligations under the Covenant of the League may be interpreted in different ways, but the lawyers are agreed at least on one point, that no member of the League could remain strictly neutral if any country were to wage aggressive war in defiance of the Covenant. We can go farther than that, and say that no nation which has signed the Kellogg Pact, renouncing war as an instrument of national policy, could remain strictly neutral, that is to say, impartial, between two warring countries, one of whom had broken its promise to renounce war while the other was in this respect innocent.

This goes a long way towards solving the legal problem of Dominion neutrality. The existence of the League of Nations also affects the practical problem: what will a Dominion do in point of fact if there is a war—which, of course, links on with the problem of what she will do now to prepare against the possibility of war. Because instead of South Africa's having to ask herself what she is prepared to contribute to Empire defence, knowing that the rest of the Empire will defend her if she is attacked, she can merge this in the wider question: what is she prepared to contribute to the system of collective defence provided in the Covenant of the League, which she and all the other Dominions have independently signed? Since we are all loyal members of the League of Nations, Imperial defence might thus be regarded—apart from pure self-defence against attack—as the Empire's joint contribution towards a world security system.

Different Dominion Governments, and different sections of opinion in the Dominions, would give widely varying answers to those questions. But the majority answer would probably

be that the Dominions do not feel it to be their duty, as members of the League, to be drawn automatically into wars in Europe, whether or not Great Britain were engaged. Their view is that Great Britain's duty and interest, as a European Power, may differ from theirs. She signed the Locarno guarantee pact, for instance; they did not. But we must not forget that they congratulated this country on the part it had played at Locarno, and indeed a few days after Mr. Pirow had spoken General Smuts, a member of the same Government, publicly praised the Locarno pact in the most enthusiastic terms. If only for this reason, the question of our future policy towards France and Germany and the rest of Europe, and especially towards the proposed 'Air Locarno', is of vital importance to Empire relations. Only last week Mr. Forbes, the Prime Minister of New Zealand, said that if the Air Locarno was arranged, New Zealand must not blink the fact that if Great Britain became involved in a war New Zealand would also be involved.

South Africa would obviously not agree with this view. Nor, certainly, would Canada, who, from the earliest days of the League of Nations, insisted on amending the Covenant so that the obligation to use sanctions would be regional rather than world-wide. This policy obviously limits the commitments of the Dominions in Europe, while at the same time increasing their responsibilities in their own regions. Here is the essential significance of General Smuts' speech three weeks ago, in which he said that by the side of the fateful situation in the Far East and the Pacific Ocean, the troubles of Europe, which now loom so large to us, are intrinsically more like petty squabbles in comparison.

For if you look at the map of the world you will see that most of the British Empire has a direct interest in the system of peace and security in the region of the Pacific Ocean. General Smuts mentioned Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and India. He might almost have added South Africa; because South Africa is a vital link in the chain of naval and commercial communication between Great Britain and the Dominions in the Pacific. Although, perhaps, the obligations of the Dominions towards Imperial defence, and towards international collective sanctions, cannot be defined as far as Europe is concerned, can they be defined in the wider area that is bounded by the continents of Asia, Africa, America and Australasia? That is the great question raised by the speeches of those two South African statesmen, taken together. The same question will perhaps be at the back of the minds of those now taking part in the conference in Sydney, Australia, on Empire air mails. In accordance with British policy, civil aviation is to develop on purely commercial rather than military lines; nevertheless, rapid communications are an essential part of any defensive system. They are also an essential part of any successful political system, and we may well hope that British Empire relations will be considerably strengthened when mails and persons—statesmen and experts—can be brought in a few days from the farthest corners of the Empire to its heart.

The University of London Institute of Education has now associated itself with *The Year Book of Education*, through a joint Editorial Board consisting of Lord Eustace Percy, Sir Percy Nunn, and Professor Dover Wilson. The 1935 edition of the *Year Book* (Evans Brothers, 35s.) shows the evidence of this new collaboration by the inclusion of several valuable pieces of educational research such as a section by Dr. Susan Isaacs on 'The Psychological Aspects of Child Development', and a longer section by several authors on 'The Testing of Intelligence'. Useful surveys of special forms of education for professional purposes are given, on medical education, architectural education, and education for banking. There is a section on India, and another on 'Education and the Social Crisis', which describes some recent experiments in dealing with the unemployed, adult and adolescent. The volume contains its usual survey of educational systems at home and abroad.

The British Empire in the Flying Age

By SIR EVELYN WRENCH

LAST Easter as I was flying from Cairo to Jerusalem the extraordinary shrinkage that has taken place in the world came home to me with new force. Cairo is now only four hours' distance from Jerusalem by air, a journey that took Moses the best part of forty years to cover. As I looked down from the aeroplane with the Suez Canal a ribbon of silver far below, with little toy boats making ripples on its surface, great liners going to and from the East, and on the far side the hundreds of miles of endless sand—the Desert of Sinai—I realised afresh that we live in a very wonderful age. The extraordinary development in flying that is today taking place before our eyes is going to mean very much to the British Empire. The last time that I had looked at the Suez Canal was twenty-two years previously when I was on my way to New Zealand on a tour round the Empire. I thought of the stupendous advance there has been in means of locomotion in the interval. Jules Verne's fantasies are now commonplace realities. When I was in New Zealand in 1912 and 1913 much of my journey was done by stage coach. Off the main roads coaching was still done by horse-drawn vehicles. And how uncomfortable the good old coaching days were, sitting on the box seat beside the driver in a downpour!

Happy Bands of Air Pilgrims

The aeroplane company, in one of whose machines I journeyed to and from Jerusalem, is largely an Egyptian-owned concern and it is already extending its services along the banks of the Nile. While the chief pilots are still British, many young Egyptians are being trained for the job. Within a couple of years we shall probably witness the inception of an aeroplane service for conveying pilgrims from Cairo to Mecca, the Holy City of the Muslim world. I can't help being sorry that the veil of the romantic East is being torn thus ruthlessly aside, but I suppose we must accept the inevitable. At the present moment we are on the threshold of an era of undreamt-of development in the air. Just as a hundred years ago there was the amazing era of railway development, so today those of us who live for the next fifteen years will witness the great age of expansion in aerial communications. Probably by the year 1950 conditions will have become more or less static in aerial transport as they did on the ground in the case of railways. As you know, from 1860 until quite recently, railway speeds remained very much the same.

The air age is, of course, of great importance to the world as a whole. It is of supreme importance to a far-flung world State like the British Empire. The eighty-odd sections of the British Empire are scattered round the Seven Seas, many of them are islands, varying in size from the great Australian island continent of three million square miles to little St. Helena in the South Atlantic. The coming of the aeroplane is going to end the age of isolation for these territories. It is going to link them up as they have never been linked before.

Grand Tour of the Empire

I envisage a development in Imperial travel such as we have never dreamed of. Just as our grandfathers did the grand tour of Europe, so in future will our sons and grandsons do the grand tour of the British Empire. Imagine for a moment how accessible will be the far parts of the Empire in the near future. Within five years we shall probably—almost certainly—be flying to Canada in twelve hours with a daily service. South Africa and India will each be not more than a couple of days away, and night flying will have been perfected just as it has been perfected on the American continent. Australia will then be reached in four or five days. There will be no part of this globe which we shall not be able to reach by air within a week.

It does not require a great stretch of imagination to foresee the Easter holiday of the future spent on the other side of the

Atlantic, a day for the journey each way and five days on shore. The plutocrats among us will probably fly across the Atlantic by way of the Azores for a ten days' bathing holiday at Miami in Florida or Nassau in the British West Indies, when we wish to escape the rigours of an English winter. A few years hence it will be no more surprising to talk about taking a fortnight off and spending your holidays in South Africa or India than it is today of talking of going to Switzerland or the Riviera.

Many British parents will send their children to the well-organised summer camps in the beautiful woods and forests and by the lakes of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Quebec Province, some of the most delightful holiday haunts in the world. Prosperous folk who now own cottages in the country or who have bungalows by the seaside in Devonshire or Wales will probably have their summer log cabins in these beautiful regions which at present seem so far off to most of us. Europeans who have never enjoyed the marvellous colourings of an 'Indian summer' on the American Continent will now no doubt soon be able to go to the Eastern Atlantic Seaboard in Canada and the United States for an October holiday.

Closer Contacts Between Our Leaders

The flying age will also mean much closer contact between the leaders of the Empire. The Prime Ministers of the various Dominions will probably pay annual visits to Downing Street, and let us hope that British statesmen will visit each year during their vacations some part of the outer Empire. If Wilbur and Orville Wright had made their discovery 130 years earlier there would probably have been no American Revolution. George Washington could have flown across the Atlantic for a week-end discussion with Lord North. If he had, I think perhaps some of George III's Cabinet Ministers would have looked upon the cause of the American patriots very differently.

But seriously, travel will become a *sine qua non* for all seeking parliamentary office in the Mother Country or in the Dominions. Hard-worked Members of Parliament will, without any difficulty, be able to study Empire conditions for themselves at first hand. There will be many more Empire conferences of journalists, of parliamentarians, of lawyers, of clergy, of scientists and business men held each year in a different part of the Empire.

One of the chief drawbacks to flying today is the small amount of baggage it is possible to take with one. By then, no doubt, on the chief flying routes slower planes for carrying passengers' baggage will be provided and it will be possible to send essential requirements in the way of kit at reasonable rates and not at the present prohibitive cost.

More Visits Home for Empire-Builders

The Briton who finds himself living in the Tropics, whether in the Civil Service, in the Army or Navy, as an engineer, a missionary, or a trader, will, as a matter of course, expect to visit Great Britain at least once a year. No doubt progressive Colonial governments in future will run a regular service of large aeroplanes, in which they will transport their employees free of charge from across the seas to Great Britain. It will be realised that an essential factor in promoting the good health and contentment of white employees in the Tropics is the provision of frequent visits to temperate climates.

Running a World Empire will be much easier in the air age. Labour will be much more mobile. It will be possible to transfer the workless from one part of the Empire to another where there is a reasonable demand for labour. Before the War large numbers of Irishmen came over to England to get in the harvest, today Breton onion sellers come over each year to England. In future perhaps our industrial workers instead of spending all their earnings at Blackpool and Scarborough will put in, much to the benefit of their health, two or three weeks' harvesting in the Canadian

West. Health services will also be mobile and in the event of an outbreak of plague or sickness medical aid will be speedily forthcoming.

The air age will unite the scattered islands in the British West Indies and the island possessions in the South Seas. To Empire organisations the air age will open up new vistas. It will be possible to hold annual conventions in a different part of the Empire each year.

Our chief air ports twenty years hence will be vastly greater than anything we have at present. There will be certain key positions in the network of air communications. When I was in Gaza in Palestine recently I walked over the aerodrome picking wild flowers. Before long Gaza is destined to be the Clapham Junction of the South-East Mediterranean; it will be the point where the air services from Asia, Africa, and Europe will converge.

With the perfecting of night flying it will be possible to board your serial *wagons-lit* at Croydon at 8 o'clock in the evening and wake up the following morning, say, in Palestine;

or at Cairo. Week-ends in the Promised Land or on the banks of the Nile will be a frequent occurrence. It is quite difficult to keep a curb on one's imagination in thinking about the British Empire in the air age. We certainly live in an era of miracles.

My mind flies back to the time when I was staying in the South of France twenty-six years ago when two of the guests in our party were Orville and Wilbur Wright. We all watched with amazement the two 'bird' men, as they were called in those days, the only men who could fly in heavier-than-air machines. These two young Americans were naturally firm believers in the great possibilities of flight, but I do not think that even they, far-sighted as they were, can have foreseen the amazing developments that have taken place.

An entirely new chapter is opening in the history of the British Commonwealth, consisting as it does of all races, creeds and colours. Wonderful opportunities will be afforded to us of establishing contact with our fellow-subjects and of trying to understand 'the other fellow's point of view'. Let us hope we shall avail ourselves of them.

Transatlantic Bulletin

Setbacks for Roosevelt

By RAYMOND SWING

Broadcast on February 26 from New York, in co-operation with the Columbia Broadcasting Network

THIS is a week of marking time in Washington, thanks to another defeat of the President in the Senate. By a majority of one vote an amendment was tacked on to the Bill requiring the Government to pay standard wages in spending its thousand million pounds on relief work. The President, you will recall, insists that these wages should be lower than those paid by private industry. This is the second defeat of the President in the Senate since the November elections; the first was over the World Court.

Now the Senate is having a breathing space for its curious sort of national referendum: the idea is that this week the individual rebel Senator will be hearing from home whether his constituents think he or the President is right in this matter of relief wages. The President proposed to pay £10 a month, and no more, so as not to offer competition between the Government and private industry: his opponents want standard wages because they feel that, if the Government begins paying less, it will be an open invitation to private industry to pay less.

If it strikes you as strange that the President, after winning a tremendous victory in the November elections, should be twice beaten on important issues in Congress before the first of March, you are no more surprised than many of us on this side. The first explanation, surely, is that the Democratic majority in Congress is too large: the Republican opposition is too insignificant to be worth fighting, so the fight comes instead between factions in the majority party. And the Democratic Party itself is no well-defined entity: it has its Right Wing and its Left Wing, and these act together normally only when the life of the Party is at stake. This fight over wage-rates is important, but it is not an issue that rises out of the depth of American feeling.

This week the Senate is hearing from home, but not so many letters and telegrams are pouring in. The real issue may turn out not so much to be one of wages, but whether the President's leadership shall be followed, and in this most political judges believe the country still supports the man in the White House. The President's friends are certain he will win without even going to the microphone for one of his appealing fireside talks. But the delay is serious. Not a single piece of important legislation has passed Congress so far this session.

I have said that the President's defeat is due in part to his having too large a majority, but that is an incomplete explanation: it is due, too, to the fact that Washington is a long way from the outlying regions that are beset by serious problems. There is a great deal of unrest and dissatisfaction, particularly in the South and the Middle West. Let me illustrate by taking

you for a brief trip to Eastern Arkansas. I want to introduce you to a 'share-cropper'. A share-cropper is a tenant farmer growing cotton: he does not own his own land, but uses the land of a big plantation—probably 20 acres of it; and at the end of the season he shares the crop with the landlord—the landlord takes half the cotton, the share-cropper the other half. The landlord provides him with his home, which, in most cases, is nothing more than a shack without any conveniences whatever. Here the share-cropper lives with his family—usually a large one—which works with him in the cotton field. The share-cropper may be either a white man or a negro; and, all told, there are eight million of them, so any problem that affects share-croppers is a pretty big problem.

Share-croppers have been the poorest of poor Americans for many years, but under the Cotton Restriction Plan they have suffered severely. When the Government decided to cut down the amount of cotton grown, it tried to arrange matters so that the reduction would hit all tenant farmers equally and not penalise them too much, and it made rules that tenant farmers could not be evicted and could stay in their homes rent-free with the right to use land for raising vegetables. The hope was that the men who had grown cotton would instead turn into small farmers and live from what they were able to raise. But in many districts the law could not be enforced. Share-croppers were evicted from their homes, and were not allowed to raise vegetables, so as to force them to buy in shops owned by planters, and then they were not given adequate relief. Already they were living on a very meagre diet, and diseases were prevalent—particularly pellagra; and in many cases they didn't have money enough to dress their children for school or to buy school-books for them.

The distress reached such a point this winter that some of the share-croppers decided to form a Labour Union, and here in Eastern Arkansas this has led to a startling campaign of repression. Two men who helped organise the Union already have been sentenced to prison, charged, if you please, with anarchy. This charge is possible under an old law, and anarchy to the people of Arkansas means anything that is Radical. Other organisers are awaiting trial. Every effort is being made to stamp out the Union: its leaders have been evicted and boycotted—plantation owners are threatening to evict any tenant who joins the Union, and Mayors of the little Arkansas towns are refusing permission to the Unions to hold public meetings.

These Union meetings are picturesque. Usually they are held in churches, and they have a strong religious note, as most share-croppers are devout church-goers with a simple,

emotional, fundamentalist kind of religion. They belong to the heart of what you have heard called the 'Bible belt' of America. The Union in itself is not large, and the repressive measures—brutal as they are—are those we are used to in our outlying districts. The idea of organised labour in the cotton field is new—particularly the idea of a Union which takes in both white and coloured people; but the fact that an attempt is being made to unionise share-croppers, calls attention to one of the gravest social problems in America. The root of that problem is land ownership, and probably there can be no solution until these share-croppers are helped to buy their own land, and the big plantations are broken up. Long-term schemes of this sort are being talked about: but not, so far, by the President and Congress.

Now one leader among the opponents of the President in the Senate last week was Huey Long of Louisiana. Dictator in his own State, he enjoys a huge popularity there with some people, and is detested by others. Huey Long was son of a poor farmer, and he rose to power by promising to relieve the poor and soak the rich. And one of his most popular laws when he was Governor made the State pay for the text-books of all school-children. When you know a share-cropper, with his large family, hardly able to earn enough money to get food or buy enough clothes, you can see why Huey Long would be beloved of Louisiana share-croppers, and share-croppers in other Southern States. And you would also understand why Huey Long in Washington is not content to vote with the Right Wing of the Democratic Party. He believes there is so much unrest in the South and in other districts, that he might be able to capitalise it and become himself a new Radical leader.

I don't wish you to think Huey Long is a great new reformer. In Louisiana his record, while remarkable in some respects, has also what are decidedly questionable features. Some of his closest workers are under indictment by the Federal Court for having been given an increase of about £300,000 of their income in the years when Huey Long was Governor. And in his own election victory he has used methods which have brought on him the severest condemnation. But there he is, one of the chief forces in the defeat of the President last week in Washington. He is a portent, if you please: a man made possible by the discontent of great masses of people, and of these the eight million share-croppers are no small part.

I do not mean to suggest that there is any direct connection between the President's defeat in the Senate and the plight of the share-cropper: I am only trying to throw a light on one section of the American background, so that you will see that a revolt by Progressives and Radicals is not unnatural, particularly on an issue of wage-rates. And that revolt is still more

natural when you recall that organised labour believes it has been ignored in two recent decisions by the President. One of these was the amendment of the Automobile Code, which opens the way to establishing Work Councils in the automobile industry instead of a standard labour union. The other was limiting of the power of the National Labour Relations Board, which was set up to rule on the observance of the collective bargaining clause in the law of the N.R.A.

The friends of organised labour joined with the Radicals in disaffected districts, and together with twenty Republicans or so, made a stand against the President. Now I repeat that I believe that the country as a whole is not much excited about the wage issue; and many people will be very much surprised if the President does not get his Work Relief Bill through Congress in substantially the form that he wants. But I think it is true to say that if he pays £10 a month for labour, it will lead to reducing wages in the building trade. Some of the thousand million pounds to be spent by the Government will be in building projects, mainly for low-cost housing. Hourly rates in the building industry are still too high to encourage much private building, and the President's advisers believe that recovery depends chiefly on America experiencing a building boom.

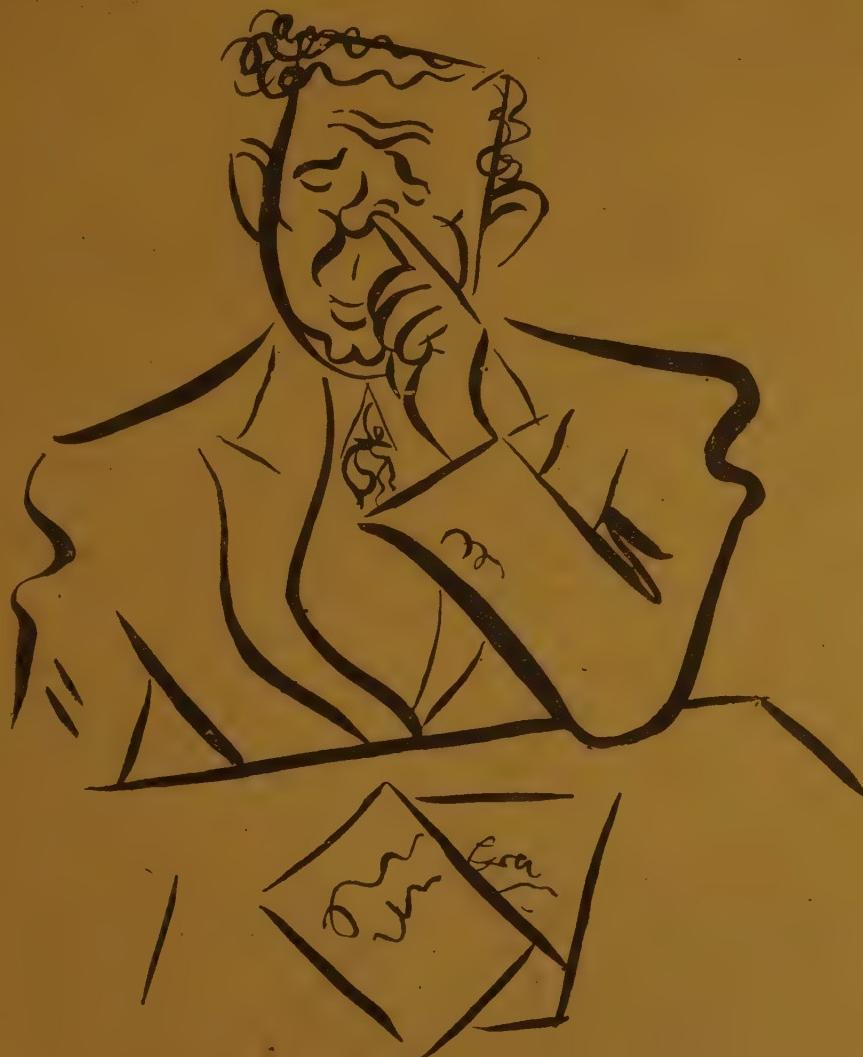
I want to say a word about business activity in America. We have today the figures from Washington which show that in January we reached a production level of 90 per cent. of the activity in the years 1923-25. This figure has been reached only three times since 1930. The increase over the preceding month is due almost altogether to the production of the new Spring

Huey Long

(By courtesy of 'The Nation', N.Y.)

automobile models, when a great deal of steel and lumber was being used. The figure, however, is a peak, and the February index will not be so high. It already has declined, and there are no signs of a rapid general recovery in other fields. But there is real improvement over a year ago. In December we still had 10,850,000 unemployed, according to the official estimate, but this was a big gain over March in 1933, when the unemployed were estimated at 13,577,000. It is interesting to note that pay-rolls in December were only 60 per cent. of 1926, while profits of the leading corporations were improving and more than doubled from 1933 to 1934. About one unemployed man in five has been put back to work by the New Deal. That is not a sensational gain, but the re-employment of 2,700,000 persons in two years is a figure that other governments which know how hard it is to reduce unemployment will look at with respect.

[The above is a report taken from a blattnerphone record. At the time of going to press we have not received a confirmatory script from America, and cannot therefore guarantee the literal accuracy of everything in our report.]



Art

Modern Chinese Painting

By HERBERT READ

We pay homage in Chinese painting to a sustained tradition longer than any other nation can show', writes Mr. Laurence Binyon in a note included in the catalogue of the exhibition of Modern Chinese Painting now being held at the New Burlington Galleries. For this reason alone the exhibition is well worth a visit. A tradition may be good or bad, and is not to be valued merely for its age; but a tradition that has survived the vicissitudes of thirteen centuries is likely to possess some principle of vitality unknown to the short-term policies of European art. No-one is likely to claim that the contemporary school in China can produce paintings to compare with the great masterpieces of the T'ang and Sung epochs; but painters like Liu Hai-su and Wang Chi-Chih, specimens of whose work are reproduced here, are to the manner born, and, without any conscious affectation or sophistication (such as would distinguish a modern English painter who painted in the manner of Giotto), paint freshly and vividly in a tradition whose canons were fixed long before Giotto's time.

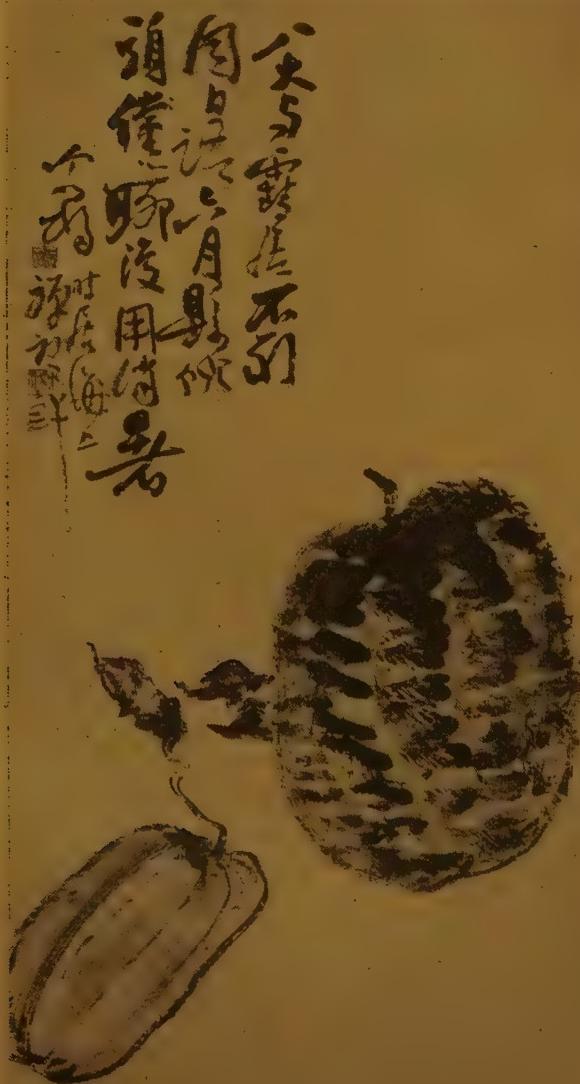
That tradition is partly technical, partly philosophical. But the philosophical aspect is the primary one, the technical one being fixed because it is best adapted to express the philosophical aim. Of the historical development of Chinese painting we may expect to hear more when the great exhibition of

Chinese Art opens at Burlington House next winter. At the moment it is perhaps sufficient to say that in spite of the great division in Chinese thought between Confucianism and Taoism, Chinese painting was able to maintain its unity. This was due to a certain measure of pantheism common to both philosophies, but more particularly to the early recognition that what mattered in art was not the philosophy so much as the individual interpretation of it. Chinese art is uncompromisingly personal, individualist; and its great tradition, the secret of its long survival, is due to this fact. The traditions that die are the impersonal abstractions which have no roots in the self, and in the eternal need of the self to be objectified. Chinese painting is a technique for self-expression; by keeping to this standard of self-expression, it bases itself on the unchanging elements of human insight and sensibility, which through all the stress of religions and philosophies, remain in direct communication with the physical phenomena of the world.

But to the Chinese those phenomena are not disconnected and discordant events; they are part of a universal harmony, and the peculiarity of the artist, distinguishing him from other men, is due to his perception of that universal harmony. In an historical sketch of Chinese Painting, also included in the catalogue of the present exhibition, Professor Liu Hai-Su observes:

Without distinction of schools, Chinese painting is concerned with that rhythmic harmony without which life would not be life. It is with this in view that Hsieh Ho (second half of the fifth century, A.D.) in his 'Six Component Parts of Painting', names *Chi yung, Shen tung* (literally the combination 'rhythmic harmony-life's motion') the primary condition to be observed. Chinese critics, in spite of differences of opinion and divisions into schools, unite in the belief that the painter must before all else concern himself with this combination of rhythmic harmony and vitality.

There is the implication that the painter, in order to express this quality of universal harmony, must in himself acquire a special state of grace, a nobility of spirit or depth of feeling. But one of the great artists of the Ming epoch, Tung Ch'i-ch'ang, said with perhaps obvious truth that no-one was likely to



Melons and Caltrops, by Wang Chi-Chih

Illustrations by courtesy of the New Burlington Galleries



Gourd Vine, by Liu Hai-su

gain such a state of grace, even if he read ten thousand books and ranged over ten thousand leagues; the artist is born, not made.

This sense of the harmony of the universe, which is the special possession of the artist, is best expressed, according to Chinese æsthetics, with the most limited means. He does not ask for a variety of colours and textures; ink, one colour, in all its infinite tones, and a brush, that most sensitive instrument for registering the sensibility of the individual touch, is all that he requires. With that same instrument the Chinese have for centuries written their complicated characters, and to handle a brush is for them as natural as writing with a pen is with us, indeed more natural. Chinese painting is literally an extension of their handwriting; written characters (a poem descriptive of the subject, for example) are generally an integral part of the composition. To the Chinese connoisseur, there is no division between the 'written' and the 'painted' parts of a picture; all are equally an expression of the painter; and the painter is a sensitive recorder of the rhythmic harmony of the universe.

It follows that the subject of a Chinese painting is of little importance; as Professor Liu says, it is merely a point of

departure, like a key in music; and one looks in a Chinese painting for qualities analogous to those in music—varieties of stroke and touch correspond to beauty of tone and phrasing. But though the subject is relatively unimportant, Chinese painters have inevitably tended to be above all landscape painters, or painters of natural objects like flowers and trees. For in such objects the rhythm and harmony of life are most freely embodied, are most accessible. In things made by human hand, in the habits and habiliments of men, there is an arbitrary quality, determined by function and intellect, overriding the universal rhythm and harmony. Art must be as free as nature herself.

For these reasons we should approach Chinese art with great humility, recognising that it is something less trivial than most of our Western preoccupations. It is true that Western art in its great moments is at once transcendental and monumental; and Chinese art is never monumental. But the monumental tends to be immovable and finally oppressive, and one of the secrets of Chinese art is that in spite of its universality it is always miniature; a key to the illimitable but never a Colossus.

The Artist and his Public

The Machine Age of Art

A Discussion between ERIC NEWTON and SIR CHARLES HOLMES

ERIC NEWTON: We all agreed that modern art is in some degree revolutionary and puzzling. Would you say that this spirit of revolt is a new thing—new in *kind* I mean—or is it simply part of the general history of art, which is always producing something new and strange to puzzle its contemporaries?

SIR CHARLES HOLMES: I should say that the new movement—radical and almost universal though it be—was similar in nature to the other changes which, from time to time, have taken place in the arts, owing to the discovery of new methods, new mediums and new materials. All the arts have, till quite recently, been in the nature of handicrafts: that is to say, the greater part of the manipulation of the materials has been done by hand—by men's hands—and only a very small part (and that, generally, the roughest and heaviest) by machines. But towards the middle and end of the eighteenth century, machines and mass production became more common, and with their introduction there came several changes in the arts. Handicraft was constantly assisted, imitated, and occasionally superseded, by machines. But not until the present day has the machine reached such perfection that in many respects it has out-moded handicraft. The confusion which has arisen in the minds of ordinary men is due to the extent, therefore, of this change from handicraft to mechanisation, rather than from its nature. Changes have always taken place in the arts, but never has the change been as sweeping as the change which has come over the arts during the last thirty years, owing to the immense developments of science. The confusion which has arisen in men's minds about the arts is due to their not realising the true nature of this transition; that machinery, after all, is applicable to the arts, but it is applicable to them not as a new principle, but as a new medium for the artist—a new medium, different in many respects from the mediums used by the craftsman. Until the right use of that medium is understood there will always be a certain amount of confusion between the æsthetic ideas that are applicable to handicraft in the traditional sense of the word, and the æsthetic ideas which accompany the introduction of a new medium—the machine.

NEWTON: You speak of the machine being a new medium. I understand the word 'medium' to mean the material which an artist uses in order to make his ideas visible and tangible in some form. In what sense can this apply to the machine? An artist may use paint as a medium, or stone as a medium; but how can he use machinery as a medium?

HOLMES: Surely paint and stone are *materials*, are they not? I was using the word 'medium' in its wider sense; as equivalent to a means of artistic expression. A medium, after all, in its literal meaning, is only the connecting link between an artist and his product.

NEWTON: Then, to apply your theory to painting, do you consider it true to say that the part played by the machine in the

machine-made product is equivalent to the part played by the brush and pigments in the painting of a picture?

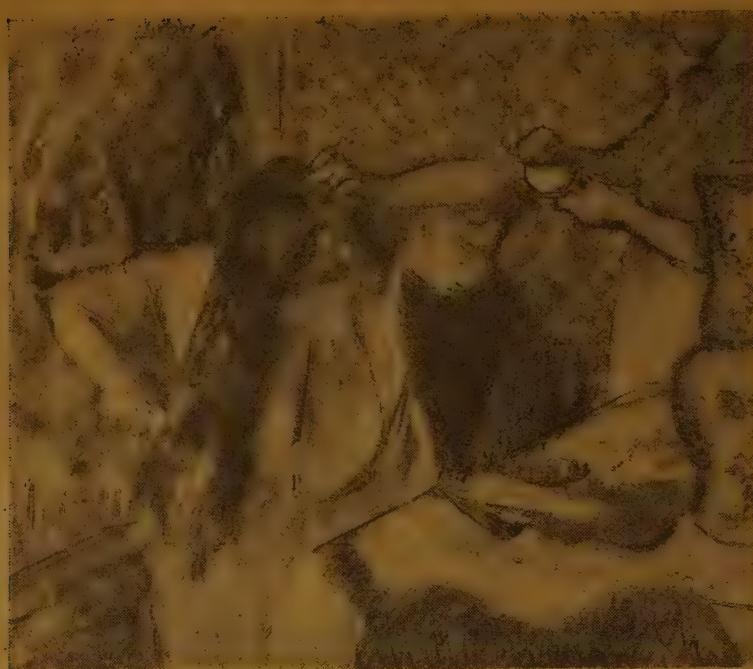
HOLMES: Yes. Though one must not forget that the brush and pigments are manipulated by hand, and are, therefore, handicrafts, and so differ in their capacities from the products of the machine. The machine works with a precision beyond that of any human hand, and on scales of minuteness or magnitude impossible to unassisted human powers. The machine, therefore, can produce objects of the utmost delicacy, or structures exceeding the pyramids in size. But compared with handicraft it seems to me to have one serious artistic disadvantage. The hand of man can introduce a living and vital rhythm into its productions; the rhythm produced by a machine is of necessity so precise as to become monotonous and devitalised.

NEWTON: Do you mean to infer that this devitalisation that has come about through machinery has somehow got itself reflected in modern art?

HOLMES: I think I can best illustrate my point by a comparison between a few well-known pictures. We might take the pastel by Degas, 'La Toilette' at the Tate Gallery as representing one of the culminating works of a great artist of the age preceding mechanical theories. In this picture the forms have the flexibility and infinite variety of the forms of actual life, and the colour rhythms play across those forms with an effect that is, to me, incomparable. With this I would like to contrast a famous work by Seurat—'La Grande Jatte'. Seurat was the first of the Post-Impressionists to explore the application of the mechanistic idea to painting: to transform the appearances of Nature into clear cut definite shapes of a geometrical character, similar to the shapes cut by a machine; so that the figures in his picture remind us of the figures turned on a lathe for a Noah's Ark. His pictures thus gain a formal consistency of parts which has a certain compositional value, but they gain it at the sacrifice of vitality, a sacrifice which seems to me far too great to justify itself. Seurat's example has been followed, and, indeed, exaggerated, by later artists, but not one of them seems to me to have got over the fundamental difficulty which comes from sacrificing the rhythms of life for formal unity.

NEWTON: Can you give me examples of recent work done in the same spirit—work to which we could really apply the adjective 'modern'?

HOLMES: An Englishman, Mr. William Roberts, appears to me to have made some of the most interesting efforts at counter-acting the devitalisation which comes of formalism. Mr. Roberts has a natural artistic vigour, a sense of humour, and an eye for personal character, which do much to enliven the formalism to which he restricts himself. Yet I feel that the landscapes of J. D. Innes, who had a similar vigour and did not restrict himself to geometrical forms, produce much more stimulating and subtle effect. His landscape, 'Waterfall', at the Tate Gallery, shows what an intense stress of vital and mysterious rhythms



La Toilette, by Degas

Tate Gallery

a more free and more natural handling of the painter's medium can give us. This seems to me an entirely successful development from the more orderly and majestic rhythm of Cotman, as we see it in his Poussin-like 'Waterfall', or in such noble drawings as that of 'The Mumbles' in the British Museum.

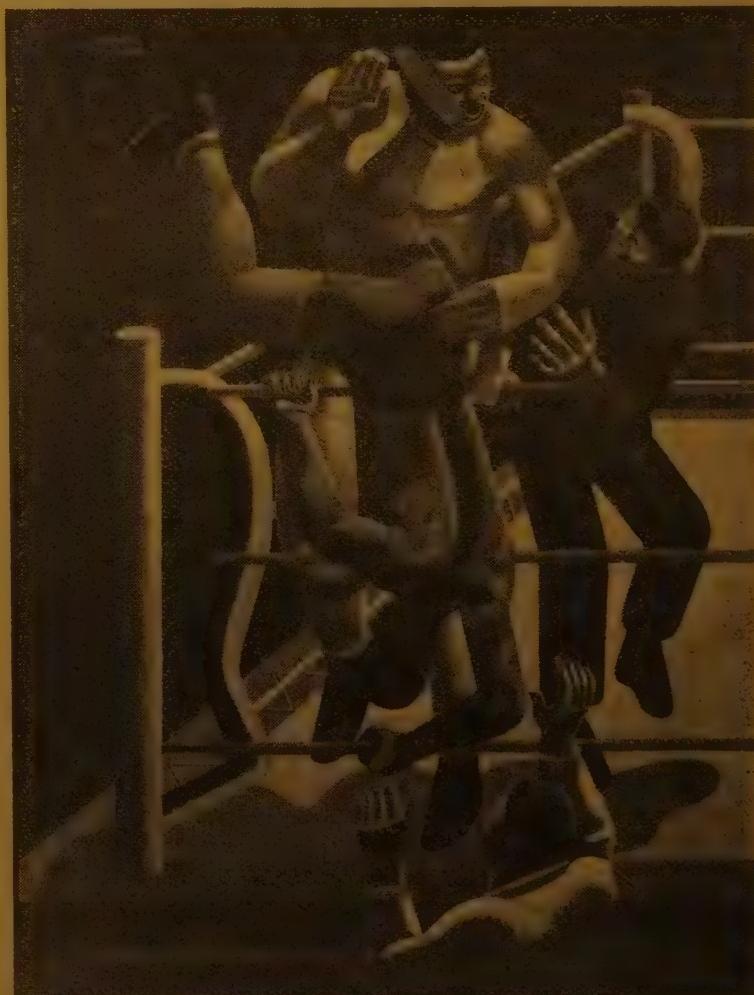
NEWTON: I am not quite certain that I can accept your theory of mechanisation being the only root of the modern style. Since Seurat we have had the Post-Impressionist movement, and I personally can see no trace of a machine-made civilisation in the work of either Van Gogh or Cézanne. Your theory that modern art shows an increasing tendency towards mechanical and away from vital rhythms must surely regard the work of these two artists, and especially of Van Gogh, as a strange interlude which actually ran counter to the main tendency of the time. But quite apart from this, surely the vitality which you find in Degas (and I quite agree with you that he is flexible and vital) can be expressed in other ways than in this kind of flexibility. Surely, although Seurat has not the same flickering surfaces as Degas, we may find vitality expressed in him in some other form. Raphael, for instance, has not the same kind of vitality as Rubens, but has he not another kind of excellence—more linear, perhaps, less painterly; more rigid, but equally admirable in its way—and these characteristics could not possibly be attributed to the reflection of a Machine Age. What I would suggest is that perhaps the difference between modern art and the art of the past is not so much the difference between the vitality of the hand and the rigidity of the machine as the difference between the flexibility of the romantic temperament and the formalism of the classic temperament. I don't for a moment suggest that in artists like Seurat we have a Raphael brought, so to speak, up to date. But may it not be that the same spirit, the same search for formal harmony as opposed to accidental charm, informs the work of both Seurat and Raphael, as opposed to, say, that of Degas and Rubens?

HOLMES: Well, to begin with, we surely cannot count Van Gogh among the true moderns? For all his stylisation and symbolism, he is really a romantic naturalist like the aged Turner, but inspired, of course, by a far more frenzied passion for light and colour and rhythmic movement. The fires in Turner glow—golden, red hot, white hot; in Van Gogh, they are flames rippling, shuddering, writhing. He really belongs to the pre-mechanical age, as you yourself seem to recognise. Cézanne, I admit, is everywhere adopted by the moderns as one of themselves, indeed, as their master. Yet he too is mainly naturalistic. His landscapes are like sketches by Claude carried out on Impressionist lines; his still-

lives bear a like analogy to those of Chardin. Only in some of his figure pieces, to me the weakest part of his work, does Cézanne resemble the moderns in rejecting nature in the search for a formal unity vaguely resembling Greco's. Nevertheless, on these slender grounds, supported by a few reputed sayings, Cézanne's generally naturalistic achievement has been used to father most of our mechanical or abstract theories of picture-making.

Now for your question whether Seurat, like Raphael, might not be regarded as the classic counterpart to romantics like Degas and Rubens. Allowing that Raphael might be taken as the classical counterpart of Rubens, the baroque romantic, I don't think Raphael ought to be mentioned as in any way a pioneer of modernism. In his Roman frescoes, Raphael's most perfect works, his sense of order and his command of pictorial architecture are *not* used for their own sake, but in the service of religion, history and learning, with an eye for humanity as all-embracing as it is intimate, and a lively naturalism—appurtenances quite alien to the mechanical and dehumanised ideas of today. The great Rubens himself, with all his exuberance is by comparison narrow and provincial, while poor Seurat is hardly more than a laborious pedant, who, once or twice, as in 'The Bathers' at the Tate Gallery, produced a fine thing. As a rule I find Seurat's tone to be dull, his rhythms languid or flabby, and these are matters in which Degas excels. Degas has the secret of stimulating colour and of lively rhythm, as 'La Toilette' proves, while the factors of the design are marshalled there with a far more subtle science than

any of the pure formalists possess. The truth is that living somewhat apart from the world, as I do, I can judge modern art only by what I occasionally see or read of it; and in what I read, I find little definite reference to the practice of the old Masters, but constant reference to the mechanical bent of the present age, and the collectivist social system under which it is assumed we are shortly to be living—a socialism exemplified most appropriately



Sam Rabin versus Black Eagle, by William Roberts

By courtesy of Messrs. Reid and Lefèvre

by the vast blocks of monotonous modernist flats which are now invading our cities. In fact, it seems to me that the art of today is in as much danger of being bolstered up by these social theories as the art of the Victorians was bolstered up by popular sentiment.

NEWTON: You consider that dehumanisation is, on the whole, the keynote of modern art. I should be sorry to agree. I should prefer to call it formalisation. But whatever cause we choose to name to account for the symptom, the symptom itself remains the same, and we both agree that it is there. But I have always regarded the artist as the most intensely, if not human, at least individual of persons; and my own feeling about modern art is that it is becoming not less but actually more, an expression of a purely personal point of view. I can see no connection between the cubical blocks of flats which are at present being erected in the interests of pure utility and functionalism, and the paintings which are now being produced, and which seem to me to be instances of what Mr. Gill has called 'psychological exhibitionism'.

HOLMES: Yes, but though modern art may be the expression of personality, that personality at present is too generally occupied with things non-artistic, and is trying to transfer into painting—which may be regarded as the most artistic of all handicrafts—ideas taken from things not necessarily artistic, including machines and social science. For example, it is quite common to find any form of elaborate painting depreciated as a mere luxury product, as if the true artist ought to paint nothing which was appropriate to a comfortable room. We constantly make the same mistake about the right use of machinery, in supposing that its products can be designed by a man accustomed only to handicraft. As a matter of fact, machinery, being a new medium, has a technique of its own, and designing for it can only be done with success in the terms of that medium by a designer who has been trained in a machine shop. If the painter would stick to his proper business, which is handicraft, and let machine designing be done by men who have worked machines, we should soon be rid of a source of endless confusion.

NEWTON: But are not we blaming the machine a little too much for characteristics which we both admit, but which may spring from causes quite independent of machinery? For instance, there is a school of painters who have had a good deal of publicity lately, who call themselves 'abstract' painters, and whose pictures are entirely composed of shapes, masses, patterns and colours unrelated or very distantly related to those of actual life; and their plea for this type of painting is that if a musician may use sounds and sequences of sounds to produce beauty, unrelated to the sounds that he hears in actual life—sounds like the babbling of brooks, the singing of birds, or the traffic in the Strand—then they are equally at liberty to use shapes and masses purely for the sake of the beauty of their relationship to each other. May it not be true, in a word, that modern painting is pursuing a purely aesthetic ideal rather than a reflection of any aspect of life, mechanised or otherwise?

HOLMES: I feel that those who try to produce paintings on the analogy with music are making just the same mistake as the painters who take mechanism for their example. That is to say, they are attempting to transfer the qualities and characteristics of one medium to another. And those who search after the pure aesthetic ideal, instead of realising that the aesthetic ideal is only of value when related to life, seem to me like people trying to persuade us that distilled water is no less exhilarating than a vintage wine, or that a string quartet being *pure* music, is better than '*Götterdämmerung*'. As a protest against luxury and sentimentality this aesthetic self-starvation may have its uses; as a creative force it has none.

NEWTON: I quite agree with you; in fact, one of the main contentions in my series of talks has been that art achieves beauty almost, as it were, accidentally, and only by relating itself closely to life. Indeed, I find your theory of mechanisation rather a comforting one because it does at least relate art to one aspect of life. And for those painters who consider it a really important aspect of life (and I may say that I do not share their conviction) such an art is perfectly justifiable.

HOLMES: Oh no! If the painters consider mechanism the most important aspect of life, the sooner they go and get trained in a machine shop and learn to design for machines, the better. Painting is painting—it is a handicraft—and should not be confused with work better done in other mediums.

NEWTON: But are you not confusing two things? Surely it is justifiable to express mechanical ideas in painting today, just as it was justifiable to express religious ideas in painting in the fifteenth century. Because the painters of that century painted religious ideas, that does not mean that they should have

abandoned painting and gone into a monastery. To paint mechanically is one thing—and I agree, a bad thing, to paint machinery or ideas suggested by machinery may be an exciting thing. For instance, you yourself have chosen to take scenes of factories and slag-heaps and all the paraphernalia of industry as the subject of some of your most expressive pictures.

HOLMES: I confess that from boyhood I have found those subjects—factory subjects, that is—most exciting and stimulating, but I was fortunately born before the age of universal mechanism and, therefore, never started to think about industrial phenomena except in old-fashioned pictorial terms. Yet the modes of work which they have suggested have not always been the same. One factory scene may appear to call for classical treatment, another for romantic: one for a small monochrome water-colour—another for an elaborately coloured work in oil. No single formula seems appropriate to them all, and what I should criticise in the modernist movement is its tendency to be governed by formulae instead of by the infinite variety of life.

NEWTON: Would you say, then, that modern art by narrowing its field of operations in the way you have indicated—though certainly interesting as expressing one aspect of thought of the times—has, in some way, specialised too much on that single aspect, and thereby cut itself off from life in the broader sense?

HOLMES: Yes. Most modernist painters seem so tied and bound by theories that they can produce little but experimental scraps. I except, of course, artists like Stanley Spencer and a few others who have something of their own to say, and the courage to say it. In its condemnation of older art, the modernist movement only does what new movements have always done. Its own turn for the guillotine will come.

Yet just as machines are now a part of our everyday life, so the aesthetic ideas contemporary with them will play a part in the future, changing and developing like the machines. And if these changes ultimately enlarge and clarify our ideas of art, posterity will have cause to thank the research students now working in our aesthetic laboratories. Their philosophical theories, their geometrical formulae, their mechanical experiments will have helped to open the way for the next order of things, and that, perhaps is the most that any of us can hope to do.

London by Night is the latest addition to Messrs. Chatto and Windus' new series of 'Life and Art in Photograph' (price 5s. each). The hundred photographs are the work of Mr. Francis Sandwith, F.R.P.S. Famous streets and buildings are there—Shell-Mex, the Dorchester, the Mall and so on—but the photographer's aim has been more social than architectural, presenting the scenes that Londoners of all kinds experience and live through, such as turning a corner in Thames Street, aboard the last Tube home, on a bend in the Mall, coming out of the theatre, with the merry-go-rounds on a Bank Holiday on Hampstead Heath, and so on. Of the earlier volumes in the series, *The Italian Renaissance*, edited by A. K. Wickham, presents a hundred photographs of sculpture, architecture and painting which would admirably supplement the reading of books on the period; *The Polar Regions*, edited by J. M. Scott, assembles under such headings as Outward Voyage, Arctic Animals, Arctic Peoples, Polar Transport and Polar Incidents, some of the best photographs brought back by expeditions from Shackleton's and Scott's pre-War ones to the present day; while *Dogs* shows all the well-known breeds, and has photographs of fox-hounds, otter hounds and beagles at work.

Six Ladder-steps for Lent

From a furnace rake out ash
In those clinkers set thy feet

For whips of scorn thy breast to slash
Tear up a pauper's winding-sheet

Next beside a pit-shaft tread
Rise by crawling down a seam

Spin thy hopes from cotton thread
And stretch prayer's weft upon that beam

Macerations feed the soul
Vow a means-test rule and see

Seven Easter jonquils snow-bright and tall
Dance in passion's cemetery.

JOHN SHORT

Youth Looks & Ahead

'The Socialism of Christ'

By WILLIAM KENWORTHY

I DO not claim any qualifications for addressing you in this series of talks. I cannot even say that I represent any class of people. I like to think that I do; I like to think that there are countless listeners who will feel, when I have finished, that what I have said, they would say too. To some extent this will, I think, be so; I hope to a greater extent than I dream of.

I am of the working class, when I am working: I am not at present, I am unemployed. My generation has passed the childish and adolescent stage, and, where it is capable, is beginning to think clearly and calmly; but unfortunately there are many, especially of my class, who will never think. We are still young enough to fight, but not old enough to take responsibility; soon, however, we shall be moving up the line.

Education and Background

I started my education at an elementary school in Manchester in the first year of the War. From 1915 to 1919 I went to school on five half-days a week only, because a neighbouring elementary school was being used as a war hospital and one school had to suffice for the children from two. In 1922 I finished my education at an elementary school in the Midlands, to where my parents had moved. I went to work then in a factory and have had several jobs since, in offices and factories, until July of last year, when I came out of work and went on the dole. Many of you would not like to go on the dole; neither did I, neither did a million or two of others. There was no alternative for me; all I had in the world was just a pound or two, my parents could not keep me entirely. My world slipped a little when I came out of work. I thought it would soon right itself, but it has not, yet: it seems to be settling, out of position.

My education, such as it is, is of a rough-and-ready variety, and owes more to what I have read since leaving school than what I learnt at school; it takes second place to the more deeply inculcated experiences of life itself. Perhaps that is why I prefer material things to imagery. I prefer the cinema, for instance, to the theatre because its scope is more liberal and its presentations more real. I like reading good books, but would as soon read a western thriller as *The Wealth of Nations*. Some poetry I enjoy, but little that was written by classical or the modern neurotic poets; that, I do not understand; nor do I understand the significance of art or know anything about it; it has no place in my scheme of things. I would rather listen to the latest jazz tune than a symphony orchestra. My opinions of literature and art, therefore, would not agree with those of a University Professor, but I make no excuse for them. Instead of reading poetry and studying art my time has been spent in doing things more likely to bring me a living, yet, in spite of this, here I am, on the dole. Whether literature or art would have served me better now, I do not know; it is no use thinking about it. The fact remains, I am on the dole.

Living for a System

That is my background; my connection with life. I try not to grumble, but to think I am just unfortunate. Yet I cannot but feel there is more to be said than this; that it should not be so; that it would not be so if we were living by a system instead of for a system. The more I think, the more I feel and see the ignorance and the misery that is suffered to exist around us, not because we are blind to it, but because we blind ourselves to the cause of it.

I do not say that I personally have had a particularly hard or rough life, but anything I have, which is little, or anything I have had, has been worked for. I know that life for such as I has nothing to give away. My circle in life is small and my acquaintances for the most part confined to people who live and work near me, at the most in the same town; all of them are of my class, some in better, a few in worse, circumstances than myself. They are honest, decent people whose chief desire is for a safe, permanent job. They are the puppets of an industrial system that picks their brains and takes their toil, when it wants it, and discards them without sentiment when it does not. They are makeshifts and they know it, but they can do

nothing about it. I have seen a great deal of the ugliness of life, of illness with poverty, of pain and suffering without hope of relief, of overcrowding and misery in the dingy back streets, of unemployment that has lasted for years. I know men of 23 and 24 who have never worked in their lives. I go to the labour exchange twice a week and meet there all sorts and types, rough fellows mostly, but good-tempered enough to speak to. When I first went to the labour exchange, I slunk in shamefacedly, wishing I were invisible, avoiding everybody's glance. Now, I go in openly and unashamed, for it is not my fault I go there; I would work if I could. It is not my shame, it is the shame of the State and its system of civilisation that allows so much material, so much manhood, healthy vigorous manhood, as fills the labour exchanges up and down the country, to grow up and grow old in idleness, losing its self-respect, eating its heart away, gnawing at the heart of the nation.

The Spectre of Tomorrow

I wonder if you who have always had a job have ever wondered or thought what it is, what it feels like, to be unemployed. I know a great many of you think that the unemployed can be divided into two main classes, those who are unable to work and those who do not want work. Believe me, you are wrong. There are, of course, a few of both these types, but the main class consists of those who want work, badly, and cannot get it. I have been unemployed now for six months; when I first came out I would have staked my life on getting work inside a month; I have heard others who have been out of work for two and three years say the same. I tried to get work, of course, and still do, but what a tragic, heart-breaking task it is. Rebuffs at factories, long waits with hundreds of others outside places where one or two jobs are available, no replies to letters, courtesy and sneers wherever you go; everlasting walking, waiting, writing, everlasting failure; it saps the spirit; it breaks the self-respect of the stoutest; it turns men gloomy, morose, bitter. Then there is the idleness, the long hours of not knowing what to do with yourself or where to go; the monotony, the dullness. You are in the way at home, you get tired of reading, tired of sitting in the public library, tired of walking, tired of everything. You cannot smoke much or go to the cinema because you have no money. You begin to drop away from your friends because they start leaving you out of their evening or week-end arrangements, knowing you cannot afford to pay your share, knowing that you do not like accepting eternal charity. You become miserable, lonely, despondent; you become a sloucher through the streets in daytime and at night, eager for anything that may fall your way, ready to listen to anybody's talk; a pariah, starving for bits in a world of light and plenty. Then there is always the spectre of tomorrow. What will it bring? What will next year bring? Common-sense tries to say this cannot last for ever; that some kind of work must surely turn up before long. But empty day succeeds empty day; no light, no hope gives any promise for tomorrow; the future remains—bleak and hopeless.

I tell myself there are others much worse than I; there are. I am single. I try to imagine what a married man feels with a wife and family, living on a few shillings a week. He sees the world going luxury-mad, with its motor-cars, aeroplanes, radios, fur coats and extravagant pageantry, while his children go to school ill-clad and ill-nourished. And he can see no relief. There are 2,000,000-odd unemployed; add their wives and families and dependants and the total is probably one-fifth of our population. What is to become of them?

Is it to be wondered at that I doubt the sanity and common justice of mankind when I read of goods and foodstuffs rotting in barns and warehouses, and even being destroyed; when I see that the five big joint-stock banks made a total profit last year of nearly £9,000,000, and another large concern £5,000,000, £14,000,000 altogether; enough to feed and keep 100,000 families for twelve months. When I hear of the huge

profits of armament makers who are ready to barter human lives for still greater dividends, must I still believe that I and the other unemployed are victims of depression or victims of greed? I dare not consider the sweated labour that creates profits; the lowly miserably paid workers who consider themselves fortunate to be earning anything at all.

In every phase of life I see the same absurdities, cruelties and contradictions; a mad scramble after the false gods of money and power; a blind belief in the shattered principles of a bygone age, principles that cannot include, much less control, the vital, powerful and deadly forces of this new world. Science roars at us unleashed and unchecked from every street and building, making us luxuries we are unable to buy; sapping away our existence by hounding such as me out of work; raising our standard of living but destroying the essences of our lives. The statesmen of all nations, despite their high-sounding speeches and the all-destroying weapons placed in their hands by the new science, are still bickering and quarrelling and hating and fearing and arming their countries to the teeth. Our social liberties are dictated by men who have long since lost the spirit of youth, who have never grasped the spirit of the age; men whose minds are deeply steeped in the impossible traditions of the past.

A Birthright of Discord

From this gloom, this craziness, this topsy-turvydom, I search for some ray of light, some hope for the future; I look to the institutions of our fathers and what do I find? I find a Church reft with animosities, sickly with moth-eaten pageantry and pedantry and utterly divorced in practice from the principles it professes. I look to the policy of our Government and find it can do nothing better than think of tariffs and make laws to prohibit betting among a working-class that can hardly afford a glass of beer. I listen to finance and big business for their views of the future and hear that things are improving, dividends are increasing, but still there must be economy, rationalisation, reorganisation. Dividends! Economy! Good God! Must human life and flesh and blood be for ever subservient to dividends, economy, reorganisation? Must things pick up only when human life is crushed down and industry prosper amidst the poverty and distress of the people? Is rationalisation our ultimate aim, our land of promise, the Utopia of our forefathers? Cannot 2,000 years of civilisation produce anything better than this? Must we of my generation take over these conditions, as an inherited birthright, and carry them on in the same old way as best we can with their unemployment, fear, discord, science gone mad, with the people distressed and dazed but mainly not comprehending? Must we follow blindly the principles of past decades, the trail of high finance, monopolistic industry, reactionary government, and petty nationalism to—God knows where? Will it lead me to a job? Will it lead the other 2,000,000 to jobs? I think not. Where then lies our salvation? I will tell you.

Often I have wandered away from the noisy town, along quiet country lanes to the wild places of this country; to breathe God's air on the silent mountain tops where I can see clearer the violent struggles and upsets man made, below. Up there nature is not always calm but she is just; she has her storms, but she treats all her subjects alike; the smallest sapling receives no worse a buffeting than the mightiest elm; the sun shines equally on them all. Why cannot man, the offspring of nature, take this lesson to heart? Up there, I asked myself what I wanted and I told myself simply that I wanted to walk the equal of all men, to have a decent standard of life and comfort, and to see all men happy and contented. There dawned on me a philosophy, a philosophy that could fulfil my wishes. It is based on a few simple truths and precepts; they came to me from the fresh clear air; probably the same that created them, ages ago, for they are not original. They are simple precepts of goodwill and kindness such as 'love thy neighbour'; and the first teacher of them was a Jew, but His teachings are 2,000 years forgotten. I do not care a scrap for organised religion, for heaven and hell and the symbolic soul; but I find a wonderful basis for a social system in the word of Jesus, who was a man. I searched about for a creed into which these precepts were or could be easily incorporated, and I found one in Socialism; not altogether the socialism of the street corners, though that has the right foundation, but the

socialism of true Christianity. A socialism based as much on Jesus as on Karl Marx, on equality, selflessness and peace. It is a socialism that will give every man life and happiness; a socialism that will recognise no class but humanity; where bankers and financiers will no longer be powers for good or evil; where currency troubles will disappear when industry produces what the people need; where science will be harnessed, not for the destruction but for the benefit of man; where faith and courage and friendliness dictate the policies of races.

Our Only Salvation

We live and have lived for so long in a world of greed, of self-seeking and cruelty; surely it is time now that we realised there is a greater goal; a haven of peace and happiness for every person born on to the earth. I have no desire to harm a living soul, but surely I am not unjust when I say a man has no right to receive £100 or more a week while there are people starving. It is not only justice, it is common decency. I know that before such a state as I envisage comes to pass, it will mean the turning over of many leaves, the scrapping of many principles; but I do believe the time is coming when this change will be not only possible but inevitable. It will be a change that must start and grow in the hearts of men themselves, and in their actions before ever it will affect the system under which they live. It is so easy for comfortable middle-class people, sitting in their armchairs at home, to feel satisfied and happy under present conditions; they it is who must be brought to realise the terrible wrong that is being done to millions of their fellow-men; to see the cruelty and unfairness that puts profits before human happiness, that overestimates all values except human values. Those helpless masses are of the common stock of humanity; they are entitled, surely, to their share of the heritage of men, the comforts of this man-made civilisation; they have worked for it, they and their fathers, yet still they exist in poverty, misery, hopelessness. Surely that is not the meaning of twentieth-century civilisation? Surely we should by now have recognised the right of every man to something better than starvation and ugliness? Rationalisation, shorter working hours, improved trade, do not touch the problem; an entire change of spirit, of face and of outlook is needed. I believe this change has already started; I believe that many people, especially young people, are today looking towards the socialism of Christ not only as an ideal but as a longed-for reality; a reality where nation will speak unto nation not over tariff walls but over the planks of common interests and common progress, where the whole human race will be united in one brotherhood of goodwill. Admittedly, the goal is far and difficult to reach, but how much nearer it will be if we all have our faces turned towards it, acting towards it, helping towards it. The Socialism of Christ. It offers us our only salvation; you can see that from those high places.

Forthcoming Music

WILHELM BACKHAUS is the soloist in the B.B.C. Symphony Concert tonight, and with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra plays Schumann's Concerto in A Minor. The first part of the concert is taken up by Handel's Concerto for Orchestra with Organ, transcribed by Hamilton Harty, who conducts throughout the programme; and by Sibelius' Symphony No. 5 in E Flat. Section C of the Wireless Chorus combine with the Orchestra in three pieces by Berlioz, Romeo's Reverie and the Capulets' Fête from 'Romeo and Juliet', the Funeral March for the last scene of 'Hamlet', and the Overture to 'The Corsair'.

A programme of music and poetry has been arranged for 10.15 on Thursday (March 7). The New Aeolian Players will give Handel's Trio in C Minor, Bax's 'Elegiac Trio', and the Quartet in D, by Telemann; and the reader of two poems, by Crashaw and Ralph Hodgson, will be Fabia Drake.

Rubinstein's Symphony 'The Ocean', which has been sadly neglected during the twentieth century, will be given a performance by the B.B.C. Orchestra (Section D) on Friday (March 8), with Sir Granville Bantock as conductor. Since its first performance at the Crystal Palace in 1877, the Symphony has been very little heard in England, and will probably come as a new work to many listeners. On the same evening the Regional programme includes a Symphony Concert by the B.B.C. Midland Orchestra, in which music by Tchaikovsky, Prokofiev, Stanford, Sibelius and Svendsen will be broadcast.

Markets and Men

Experiments in the American Cotton Market

By JOHN JEWKES

THE most interesting and the most significant case of intervention in the cotton market is that in the United States. There the scale of operations has been larger than in any other country, and the consequences for the rest of the world more vital. I find it rather difficult to describe briefly the reasons why the United States finally embarked upon this quite breath-taking plunge. When economics and politics are mixed, motives and causes usually are so hopelessly entangled that it becomes impossible to straighten out the forces which really have been at work. But I would hazard two generalisations about the whole amazing business. One is that

into this picture even before 1929. He was poor, poor to a degree that we are not acquainted with in this country. For instance, in 1929 the returns show that about half the farmers in the Cotton Belt had an annual income of less than £150 even when you take into account the value of their own crops which they consumed: £150 or less per annum in a country where the general cost of living was much higher than in this country. In 1930, when conditions had become much worse, the average farm income, taking good and poor farms alike, in the Cotton Belt was only about £100. One can understand why an American writer who knows the

region intimately has written of the 'whole miserable panorama of unpainted shacks, rain-gullied fields, straggling fences, rattletrap Fords, dirt, poverty, disease, drudgery and monotony that stretches for a thousand miles across the Cotton Belt'. So that when the American citizen pondered on the prosperity of his country after the War his conscience pricked him as he thought of this and other branches of farming, and a vague but widespread idea grew up that something must be done for agriculture.

Second, it was realised that the unsatisfactory condition of the farmer was due partly to the tremendous fluctuations in his annual income. The difficulties of poor people become even greater when their income, in addition to being small, varies a great deal. So the question was raised whether it would

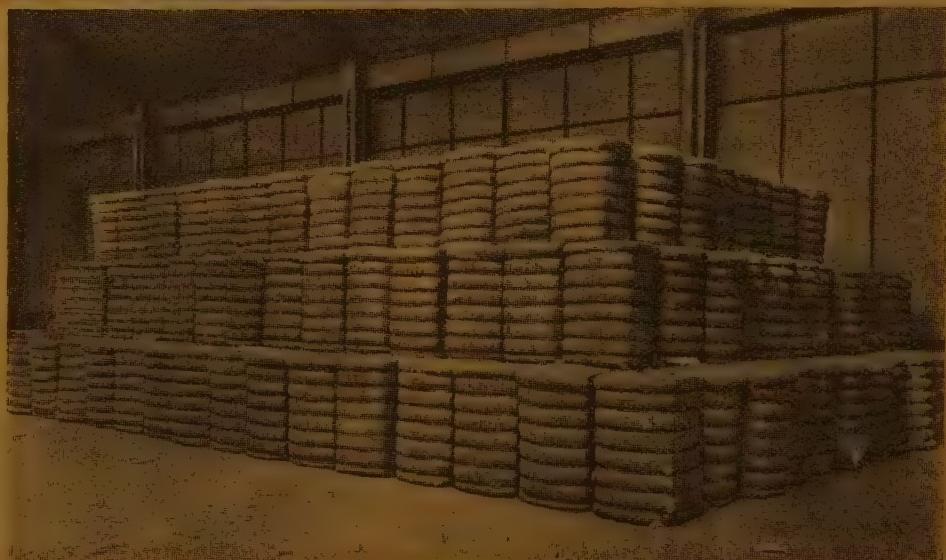


How cotton was packed before organised methods of co-operative packing were introduced—

the final extreme steps for which Mr. Roosevelt was responsible were partly forced upon him by the conditions he inherited. And the other is that some of his most daring steps were taken because previous, less daring, moves had been unsuccessful. As I say, the whole maze of economic and political moves cannot be reduced to a few simple sentences. But it seems to me that there have been three quite distinct motives at work in creating the present situation.

First of all there is the fact that America had for a long time been uncomfortable about the economic position of the farmer, particularly the cotton farmer. You know the sort of ideas which became popular in the United States during the ten years' boom culminating in 1929.

Many responsible and intelligent people honestly considered that the country had started on a long unbroken road of ever-increasing prosperity. The alternation of boom and depression had been put behind. A stable and ever richer economic society was guaranteed and the great increase in national prosperity between 1921 and 1929 was only a foretaste of the future. These views seem strange to us now. They must appear stranger to many people in the United States who formerly held them. And yet the undoubted prosperity of the industries of America in those years gave some strength to this belief. But the cotton farmer didn't really fit



—and how it is now shipped, in tidy bales

By courtesy of the British Cotton Growing Association

be possible to smooth out the income of the cotton farmer from year to year; whether the State by suitable action could not manipulate the price of cotton in order to give him a steadier standard of living.

And third, it was known that some of the farmer's difficulties were due to the bad arrangements in the market through which he sold his cotton. Enquiries showed that in these local markets the same sort of cotton sold at widely different prices even on the same day in the same market; that the farmer who produced cotton of a superior grade rarely managed to get a better price for it; that farmers who

had a little knowledge of the market usually got much better prices than others; that most farmers suffered because they all brought their crop to market at much the same time and therefore unduly depressed the price. In brief, that the market ignorance of the farmer was resulting in his obtaining a smaller income than he might have obtained. The obvious remedy for this was the creation of some marketing organisation, perhaps in the form of co-operatives, which would act for large groups of farmers with much greater knowledge of the market than any individual would possess.

Well, then, it was such conditions and ideas as this which started a long chain of events which were to culminate in the adoption of the most extraordinary economic expedients. I can, perhaps, most conveniently break into this chain after 1921. In that year there had been a sharp industrial collapse following the post-War boom. This collapse affected agriculture seriously and not least cotton farming. Between July, 1920, and March, 1921, the price of American Middling Cotton fell from 40 cents to 11½ cents per lb., i.e. from about 1s. 8d. to under 6d. The farmers seem to have been encouraged by their difficulties to try and help themselves. They began to establish co-operative marketing organisations.

These associations differed in form from one to another, but the main idea behind them all was the same. If a group of growers would, instead of selling their own cotton, hand it over to the co-operative association, the association could market more gradually, it could grade cotton scientifically and get the best prices for the finer grades, it could arrange for cotton to be warehoused, financed and insured in a much more satisfactory fashion. And some of the associations looked forward to the possibility of centralised buying of machinery and seed for its members, and a general improvement in the methods of production through the dissemination of knowledge. There was everything to be said for work of this kind. But the associations hung fire badly. Even in 1929 only about one-tenth of the American crop was under the control of the co-operatives. It is easy to see what their difficulties were. Farmers are more conservative than most of us, many of the cotton farmers disliked the new-fangled ideas; even when they were persuaded to agree to deliver their cotton to the association they often broke their contracts. A very interesting account has been written of the establishment of the Co-operative Association in Texas which brings out very clearly the early obstacles encountered in this movement. Texas is larger than the whole of France. Imagine trying to organise an area of this size when you have to deal with innumerable small farmers, many of them unable to read, and to persuade them of the soundness of a scheme which must have been entirely strange to them. Many of the farmers couldn't contract to deliver their cotton to the Association because their crop was already mortgaged to money-lenders. And all these hurdles had to be taken with administrative and propaganda machinery built up on the spot and operated by officials drawn from the small farmer class itself. Some of the slogans used to persuade the farmer that he ought to join the Association were more forceful than truthful. The Texas farmers, for instance, were urged to come into the scheme in order to eliminate middlemen's profits, or, as it was put, 'every

cotton crop makes a bunch of millionaires over in Liverpool'. It is extraordinary, I think, that a number of these associations actually did get started. But because they never controlled more than a small proportion of the crop their influence was limited. They lived precariously in some years because they were constantly tempted to advance to the farmer a larger sum of money than was actually obtained when his cotton was sold. Their membership fluctuated greatly because it was difficult to enforce contracts. And yet, by helping the farmer to help himself, they were really dealing with the agricultural problem at its root.

The next date of importance is 1929, for in that year Mr. Hoover set up the Federal Farm Board, one of his last acts as a Prosperity President. The act under which the Farm Board was established mentions many of the difficulties which confronted American agriculture, but undoubtedly the Board was intended to direct the greater part of its energy to stabilisation. It was to work with funds of the Central Government, and through the machinery of the co-operative associations. Incidentally, I may mention that the rapid and artificial growth of the co-operatives after 1929 in the long run did

the movement harm. The period between 1929 when the Farm Board began work and 1933, when Mr. Roosevelt came into office, can be regarded primarily as a period of experiment in the possibilities of stabilisation. On the whole it can be written down a failure.

Let us try to analyse what stabilisation involves. First of all, to stabilise does not mean to increase. If you propose to stabilise (say) the incomes of the cotton farmers, that does not mean that you push up



Cotton being loaded at Corpus Christi (Texas), which in 1910 was a small summer resort with a population of less than 5,000 and is now one of the most important cotton shipping ports in America

E.N.A.

the average income level. It involves a cutting down of income in good years in order to supplement income in the bad. Unfortunately, like everybody else, the farmer is only too willing to have his income increased in bad times but he begins to object to a reduction of income when the good time arrives. It must be almost an irresistible temptation in a democratic community for stabilisation schemes to degenerate into subsidisation schemes. That certainly happened in the operations of the Federal Farm Board in regard to cotton. Again, if you are to stabilise you must know what it is you want to stabilise. Did the Federal Farm Board wish to stabilise the incomes of cotton farmers or did it merely wish to stabilise cotton prices? It never seems to have made up its mind. Clearly the two things are quite different. Stable prices per lb. of cotton, for instance, might mean very unstable farmers' incomes if the size of the crop fluctuates. There is, however, another fundamental difficulty attaching to stabilisation. It is that you cannot smooth out the income of the cotton farmer over a period unless you know not only what his present income is but also what his future income is to be. And you can only guess about this future income. To the extent to which you guess wrong your stabilisation policy runs off the rails. Other difficulties of a vital kind must have faced the Farm Board. It was created, to use the words of the Act, 'to maintain advantageous domestic markets and prevent surpluses from causing undue and excessive fluctuations in price'. But when, for instance, does a price fluctuation become excessive? And what precisely is an advantageous domestic market?

I think I have said enough to show that in any circumstances the Federal Farm Board would have had an imposing job in front of it. In fact, the whole of its policy was swamped from the beginning by just the kind of event which is most dangerous to economic planning: a sudden and unforeseeable economic change. The Board began operations in August, 1929. In November, 1929, the American boom broke and a crisis supervened which was the herald of the world depression. Cotton prices, along with others, began to fall. The Board refused to believe that these reductions were permanent. It therefore was instrumental in having large stocks of cotton bought at relatively high prices and kept off the market. But prices continued to fall in 1931 and 1932. The upshot was that in 1932 about 7 million bales of cotton, nearly a full year's crop, were held off the market. Finally, the Board had to admit its mistake and try to get rid of the stocks it had directly accumulated. Some of the cotton it gave away to the American Red Cross for relief purposes. The rest was sold at great loss. The stocks of cotton in other hands, however, remained large.

The Board, therefore, made two fatal mistakes in this first disastrous period which probably cost the State something like a hundred million dollars, *i.e.* about £20,000,000. It failed to anticipate forthcoming changes in demand. The 1930 depression produced a progressive shrinkage in the activities of the cotton industries of the world and, with that, a decline in the demand for raw cotton. The Board can hardly be expected to have foreseen the collapse of 1930. That, indeed, is one of the criticisms advanced by opponents of such systems of economic planning: that fundamental changes of this kind cannot be foreseen. Again, the Board miscalculated on the supply side. What was wanted was a reduction in supply. But by attempting to keep up prices the Board was really encouraging the farmer to increase, not to restrict, his output. The Board did, indeed, try at a later stage to persuade the farmer to cut his acreage. But it was not successful in this and, to add to its discomfiture, from 1929 onwards the crops showed high yields per acre. In short, it was at fault over the future demand, it failed to regulate the future supply and even Nature let it down. Meanwhile, however, other changes were going on by which, to quote my colleague, Mr. Campion, who has made a most illuminating study of the whole of this period, 'almost inevitably a policy of stabilisation led to a policy of restriction of production'.

When Mr. Roosevelt came into power there was no further beating about the bush. The income of the agricultural classes was to be increased. Between 1931 and 1933 the position of the cotton farmer had much worsened. The fall in prices had increased the burden of his mortgage charges, whilst his income had slumped alarmingly. The new administration argued that it was vital to help the agriculturalist partly because he was in such desperate financial straits that a collapse of the whole social fabric was threatened, and partly because it was believed that to restore the purchasing power of the farmer would help to restore general prosperity by increasing the demand for industrial goods. Mr. Roosevelt set out to raise the price of cotton, increase the income of the cotton farmer and restrict acreage. And it must be admitted that he has done all three. Whether, in view of the costs involved, they were worth doing is another matter. That can only be decided by considering his methods. His first step was the Agricultural Adjustment Act. Under it the price of cotton was to be raised to the point at which 1 lb. of cotton would have the same purchasing power as it had in the five years before the War. There was no particular reason why this pre-War standard should have been taken. But it was taken. This meant that the size of the crop would have to be reduced, and the Adjustment Act made arrangements for paying out money to all growers who agreed to reduce their acreage. The farmers were to be paid for what they didn't grow. They were to have the best of both worlds.

They would receive a part of their income in the form of 'benefit payments' from the State and they would gain in that the reduced supply of cotton would increase its price. Apparently, however, the Administration was not altogether satisfied that this system would guarantee the necessary reduction of the crop, so the Agricultural Adjustment Act was supplemented in 1934 by another Act, the Bankhead Act, which laid down the maximum cotton production for each grower for that season. Any increase beyond this quota was heavily taxed. As I say,

these provisions have been sufficient to produce the desired results. In the season 1933-34 the production of cotton was far below that of previous seasons. This was partly due to a drought which the Roosevelt Administration must have considered providential, but mainly due to a reduction of acreage planted. Stocks have been reduced.

They are not yet back to what may be regarded as normal. The world carry-over of American cotton was only 4½ million bales in August 1929. In August 1934 it was 10½ million bales—more than twice as great as in 1929—and it threatens to be even higher in August of this year. But even the present figure of 10½ million bales carried over is 2½ million less than in 1932. So, too, some success has been achieved in raising cotton prices. The price of American cotton is about twice as high now as it was two years ago and, although other forces have been at work, the control scheme is undoubtedly responsible for much of this increase. And the cotton farmers' income is greater. So much for the credit side. But now consider the debits. The position of the farmer has been improved mainly because money has been transferred to him which has been taken from other members of the community. In the first seven months of 1934 the Government paid to cotton farmers in the form of benefit payments alone some 170 million dollars, that is £34,000,000. Everybody in the United States now pays more for his cotton cloth, partly because cotton prices are higher and partly because a special tax is put on cotton used by the spinning industry in order to provide the funds necessary for making the benefit payments. But there are graver doubts than these. The price of American cotton has been increased. This must stimulate the use of cottons grown in other parts of the world and there are already indications that in international trade American cotton is losing ground. Again, what is to happen when these restrictions on output and transfers of wealth to the cotton farmer cease? Are these ingenious and costly devices merely putting off the evil day? Are they merely delaying that fundamental readjustment—a decline in acreage, in numbers employed and in costs of production—which alone can restore anything like permanent stability? I don't know what Mr. Roosevelt intends to do. Perhaps he doesn't either. But clearly he is playing for time although his advisers are becoming alarmed about the increase of cotton growing in other parts of the world, particularly Brazil.

Broadly speaking, there are four things he might do. He might decide to scrap the whole of the system of control. This seems to be the most unlikely of all. Or he might continue a severe control programme aimed at bringing stocks down, in two or three seasons, to the 1929 level. But that is going to be costly. Or, thirdly, he might take half measures and adopt a policy of moderate restriction. Finally, there is some talk of a scheme by which the grower would produce just as much cotton as he wished, sell a restricted part of this in the domestic market at a guaranteed price and then sell the rest in export markets at whatever price he could get. But some change in policy is to be anticipated, for sooner or later the rest of the community will begin to ask why the cotton farmer should be allowed to live permanently on a dole. Before that time arrives, perhaps, some success will have been achieved in what is called the 'live at home' programme—a campaign to induce the cotton farmer to grow more of the things that he needs. Or perhaps an industrial revival will solve all the cotton farmers' difficulties. Perhaps, on the other hand, that very industrial revival will be delayed by schemes such as those I have been discussing.

What differences are there between the mentality of town folk and country folk? Has there been a lowering in the quality of our rural population as a consequence of the long-continued migration from country to town which has gone on in the past hundred years? These important questions are ably discussed by Professor A. W. Ashby, who holds the Chair of Agricultural Economics at University College, Aberystwyth, in *The Sociological Background of Adult Education in the Rural Districts*, which is the second in the new series of 'Life and Leisure' pamphlets (price 6d.) issued by the British Institute of Adult Education (39 Bedford Square, W.C.1). Professor Ashby stands up strongly for the countryman, and dissipates a number of fallacies which have grown up concerning his mental attitudes. 'One characteristic tendency of rural thinking', he says, 'is that of steering clear wherever possible of the impersonal and the general, and keeping close to the personal and the concrete'.

The Way to God

How Jesus Christ Conquered

By Fr. C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

WHEN our Lord was taken down from the Cross, His body was hastily embalmed, and was buried in the unused tomb belonging to Joseph of Arimathea. A disc-like stone was rolled over the entrance: it was sealed by authority of Pilate, and guards were set to watch it. Catholic belief is that early on the Sunday morning He rose from death and passed out, true man, body-soul, into our world once more. Later there was a sharp earthquake shock; the stone fell over, and the terrified guards fled. This had nothing to do with the Resurrection as such: our Lord had no need of over-set stones in order to pass from His grave. But when He had so passed, the grave remained empty.

Loving women, who wished if possible to embalm Him properly, and could not do so on the Sabbath, nor yet late at night when it was too dark and dangerous, came before day-break on the Sunday morning—came in groups of twos and threes, terribly nervous, hoping against hope that the stone would prove no insuperable obstacle—and in fact, it was no more there. The entrance gaped black and free. Visions of angels terrified or consoled them. Some ran away in a panic; others went to the apostles and told them that the Lord was risen. On the whole, these women seemed to the men to be hysterical—off their heads. But they could not fail to attend to the Magdalen. Peter and John ran to the Garden. John got there first; but Peter entered the rock-chamber first. There was nothing but the winding-cloths lying empty. Still distraught, they believed at least that there was nothing else there. They left. Magdalen returned; and you have the exquisite story of her encounter with Jesus. Her hair in her eyes, her tears in her eyes, she did not know Him in the dim light of dawn. But one word from Him—her name, Mary—sufficed to reveal Him. She clung frantically to Him. ‘Do not cling to Me’, He said. She was to go and tell the others that He was indeed risen and alive, with them, still not yet ascended to their Father and His own.

As evening drew on He appeared and reappeared, as to the women, so to His disciples. Entering through closed doors, He said ‘Peace’ to the panic-stricken men. Outside the town, He appeared to the two unnamed disciples who were walking to the village called Emmaus. ‘We had hoped’, said they. ‘Had hoped?’ What had dashed their hopes? Merely because He had died? And He showed them that Christ ‘had’ to die, and that all tradition, all prophecy, were fulfilled in Him. They accepted this, vaguely; but then, at an inn, they begged Him to stay with them, for the day was closing. He did so: and ‘broke bread’: in a moment they knew Him. He was risen.

That night, the apostle Thomas was not with the others when Jesus came among them. Too great agony of grief had kept him away. When he heard that they had ‘seen the Lord’, he simply could not allow himself to believe. They—and not he? . . . Unless, he said, with the brutality of grief, I put my fingers in the holes made by the nails, and my hand into the wound of the lance, I will not believe. A week went by. Thomas returned. Jesus appeared. Gravely, but so gently, He said: ‘Thomas—here are my hands—put your fingers into the holes: here is My side, push your hand into its wound’. The poor man fell to his knees—‘My Lord, and my God!’ And again, so gently, but, turning back upon ourselves, so gravely: ‘Because you have seen, you have believed. . . . The happiness of those who, without seeing with their eyes, yet believe! Such are we.

As a Catholic, I am bound to believe that Jesus Christ rose, body-soul, from the dead. And, trying to criticise the event historically, I should find that I must do violence to my sense of evidence, were I to hold as true anything else. Obviously I am not arguing that here. But to you, listening, I underline, that I do not believe this only because I am told to, but because I consider that critical historical evidence makes it morally impossible for me to believe anything else. Hence, I am going to pick out, isolate, those items in our Lord’s history in which He insisted on ‘LIFE’, and, if I take my information from St. John, I do so because I think his evidence is perfectly good, and that he picked out, as I am about to do, those things

in the preaching and life of Jesus Christ which emphasise the idea of ‘Life’, Life indestructible in Himself, and Life communicable to us.

Our Lord said: ‘I am come that they might have Life, and have it more abundantly’. St. John said: ‘These signs are written that you might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that, believing, you might have Life in His Name’. The upshot of Christ’s own life is, therefore, Life for all of us who unite ourselves with Him. Not just physical life, because you can be quite a good Christian and also very ill, though faith in Him, vitalisation by means of Him, may enable a man to surmount illness and do double the amount of work that a healthy man can do, as many examples show. Nor does it mean merely more intellectual life: for some of the loveliest Christians, who have imposed themselves on the world at large and done a magnificent work in it, have not been intellectually brilliant at all, like the Curé d’Ars; and, indeed, intellectual brilliancy often makes but a shoddy halo. It does not mean, even, that you are all the while morally ahead of your fellowmen, save in a very invisible way: for many a Saint-in-the-Making has had a hard fight to live even decently, and has often failed, but because of Christ, who was in him, has persevered in the struggle, never given up, and has received a crown far more glorious than that of the untempted, or the merely respectable. What our Lord offers us is a wholly new sort of life, brought about by incorporation with Himself, and not an improved version, merely, of our actual human life, though all parts of our natural life ought also to be improved, and be brought into harmony with the mysterious way of being that is described, in the Scriptures, as a change over from being children of men, into being Sons of God.

Coarsened though the modern Christmas has become, we still feel it to be a time that is meant to be happy. Children, everywhere, are helped to be happy: you will find that however cynical a man may profess to be home in England, when he is lost in lonely places in far countries he will value Christmas, and its sentiment, if not its real meaning. There is a freshness, an optimist vitality, in all the Gospel narratives connected with our Lord’s childhood, and the great hymns then sung, which all of us still use in our official worship, the Benedictus, Magnificat, Nunc Dimittis, that one can hardly mistake.

As for the beginning of our Lord’s ministry, it is full of an absolutely idyllic charm; all His treatment of the sick in body, or soul, is so ‘vital’, so life-giving, and so happy! His own application of these ‘signs’—for the miracles were not an end in themselves, but they pointed further, to some divine doctrine and gift—is all in terms of Life. The very essence of His doctrine, its absolute starting-point, was that we must be ‘born again’. Nicodemus, to whom He said this, asked how a man could be born again, once he was old? Our Lord yielded no whit—only, He wondered that the man who was nicknamed ‘The Master in Israel’ could not penetrate His meaning.

Afterwards, in the exquisite narrative of His meeting with the woman of Samaria, by the ancient well, He tells her that the Gift of God is a ‘living water’, which is not only to be in our possession, but which is to leap like a fountain from within our souls, high into ‘eternal life’. But Jesus can give this Gift of Life because He has it—and He has it because He is it. When He cures the paralytic—restores him, as we say, to life, He cries out:

Greater things than these shall be shown
That then indeed you may marvel!
For even as the Father raiseth the dead and maketh alive,
So the Son too, whom He wills, them maketh He alive.
For even as the Father hath Life in Himself,
So to the Son, too, hath He given to have Life in Himself.

But not until the hour of the supreme miracle, the raising of Lazarus, is the declaration complete. Martha said, sadly: ‘If Thou hadst been here, my brother would not have died’. He said: ‘Your brother shall rise again’. She, her mind dwelling among thoughts of the ultimate revival of the dead, answered

that of course she knew he would rise again at the last day. Poor woman! it was now that she missed and wanted him. Then it was that our Lord made the tremendous identification:

I AM
The Resurrection and the Life
He that believeth in Me, though he die,
Shall live;
And all who live, and believe in Me,
Shall never die.

But Christ does not intend to make us live willy-nilly, so to say, by His Life. He means us to play our part, take our share, and enter into deliberate communion with Him. After the miracle of the multiplication of bread, the Jews flocked almost delirious around Him. Ah, He cried, do not do so much for the sake of this bread that perishes in the using, but for the bread that endures into Eternal Life—that is what I am offering! Not even like the traditional manna, given you by Moses. That, too, had vanished, and their ancestors were dead. The Bread of God is that—is He—who comes down out of heaven, and gives Life to the world:

I am the Bread of Life
He who cometh unto Me
Shall never hunger
And he who believeth in Me
Shall thirst no more at all.
For this is the Will of the Father,
That all who see the Son, and believe in Him,
Should have eternal life.

You have to see Him, not merely to look at Him: hear Him, not just listen to Him: come to Him, not only be, as it were, in His neighbourhood, as you are now, while you are having Him talked about to you. There is a vital adhesion of the soul to Him; a true incorporation. For, He resumes:

I am the Living Bread
Which comes down out of heaven.
If a man eats of My Bread
He shall live for ever.
And the Bread that I will give for the World's Life
Is My Flesh.

The Jews, shocked beyond measure, asked: 'How can this man give us His Flesh to eat?' Like a solemn music, our Lord's doctrine is developed:

In solemn truth I tell you,
If you eat not the Flesh of the Son of Man
And do not drink His Blood,
You have no Life in you.
He who doth eat My Flesh
And drink My Blood
Hath Eternal Life . . .
For My Flesh is a true Food,
And My Blood, true Drink.
He who eateth My Flesh,
And drinketh My Blood,
Abideth in Me
And I in him.
Even as He sent Me—the Living Father—
So he who eateth Me
The same shall live by Me.
This is the Bread that came down out of heaven.
Not as our Fathers ate;
And died.
He who eateth this Bread
Shall live for ever.

More than once, our Lord identified Himself with the Life itself, which is, in a word, nothing less than God. 'Before Abraham came into existence, I AM'. In the Transfiguration, that Life shone symbolically forth: for a brief while, His Divinity, obscured normally during His earthly existence, revealed itself in the way proper to human senses and imagination. Moreover, He was seen as the summing up of all infiltrations, so to call them, of the divine life hitherto into the world. All that was good and right, as expressed in the law, came to its consummation in Him; all that was true, as stated 'in many ways and fragmentarily' by the Prophets, was recapitulated by this sole-begotten Son of God. Hence the Passion and Death of our Lord could have no meaning save as passing on into the Resurrection and indeed the world of Pentecost, since the Holy Spirit is, in Himself and for all of us if we accept Him, both Lord and Giver of Life.

Notice, then, that the Resurrection of our Lord means

several things. It means the restoration of our Lord to the life of men. True man, body-soul, no ghost—'a spirit hath not flesh and bones such as you see Me having'. He ate and drank with His friends; and also, the supreme seal set by His Father upon Him, as accredited spokesman and immortal purveyor of God's word, guaranteed to teach nothing but what was true, and to impose on us no law but what was right. But also, it was the revelation that Jesus Christ was—is—alive. Christianity is no cult of death. Good Friday is not its limit nor its upshot. We are to be incorporated with One who is living. The inauguration of a new world in which we ourselves are to have a new Life. A new heaven and earth are made, says St. John; a 'new name' is to be given to us, corresponding to a new Self—a self such that St. Paul could say that 'I live, I no longer; but Christ lives in me!'

It is rather for the next lecturer to explain how our Lord continues to live in His Christians now. No two lecturers in this series are likely to put things quite in the same way. I have to leave my successor to his task, just as he has left me. The B.B.C. does not profess to confide a series like this one to men who think exactly the same. Neither it nor I disguise the fact that in many ways I think quite differently from the way in which they do—for I am a Catholic, Roman Catholic if you prefer, and they are not.

I can but say, here, for myself, that God willed that our Lord Jesus Christ should prove Himself alive in every way. Not only surviving as a cogent memory, or a living 'force', or as an inspiration or an ideal, but as an actual person with whom you are in communion far more really than you are or can be even with the dearest of your friends or relatives. The Holy Spirit is His Spirit. At Pentecost, He was given in a mysterious way to the Apostles, and is given in no less real a way to us, so that we continue now to live in Christ, and by Him; words that it would take me very long to explain, and doubtless I should explain them in a way different from that in which other speakers in this series would.

Meanwhile, I could have wished that, in these three short talks, it had fallen to me to relate our Lord's life to you, quite simply, consecutively, as indeed it was lived out in Palestine, with practically no comment at all, instead of singling out topics, as I have done, and grouping events and sayings around these, giving, in a sense, more importance to ideas than to actual happenings. However, even so, please God something of the infinite attractiveness of the sheer person that Christ is may have made itself felt by you; and for your part, omit no possible chance of re-learning, and re-teaching, the details of His life, especially since children learn so much less about it than they used to. But after all, when all is said and done, I wouldn't have you know about Christ, as you can know about other personages of history who lived and died long since: He is not to be reached merely through research and by means of books. Anything at all that you can do, to bring yourselves into touch with Him, by thinking about Him, praying to Him (that simply means, speaking to Him—that you cannot see Him makes no difference whatsoever to His power of hearing you), above all, by trying to act according to His Spirit and in the way that you think would please Him best. Your knowledge of Him—which is better still than knowledge about Him—would grow in this way by leaps and bounds; and you never can make a mistake about this, that any act of kindness, especially if it be done at a certain cost to yourselves, is sure to be according to His Spirit; and also, anything that keeps your own thoughts or conversation or actions more pure is bound to be so too, and to make your vision of Him and of His Father still more clear. For it is the pure in heart who 'see God', and to see God 'as He is' is the height of joy.

We have then spoken of the way in which the Son of God lived as man amongst us, of how He died, and how He rose again triumphant, as St. Paul says, when he cries out that our Lord 'emptied Himself, by taking the nature of a servant, and became, to outward eye, just what man is (and no more). And being thus displayed in outward form a man, He humbled Himself yet further, making Himself obedient unto death—yes, a death upon a cross. That is why God hath utterly exalted Him, and freely granted to Him the Name that is above all names, so that at the Name of Jesus every knee should kneel . . . and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, in the glory of God the Father'.

RADIO NEWS-REEL

FEB. 25-
MAR. 3

A pictorial summary of the week's news, drawn from the broadcast News Bulletins



AUSTRIAN STATESMEN IN LONDON

Baron von Berger-Waldenegg (left) and Dr. von Schuschnigg (second from left) are seen here with the Duke and Duchess of York and the Prime Minister at the Austrian Legation. On his return on February 27 the Austrian Chancellor said, of the means used to suppress the fighting last year: 'Harsh acts, should any actually have happened, may only be explained by pointing out that they, in certain circumstances, although to be regretted, may have been unavoidable'



SNOW PLOUGHS were necessary last week on the Manchester-Sheffield road

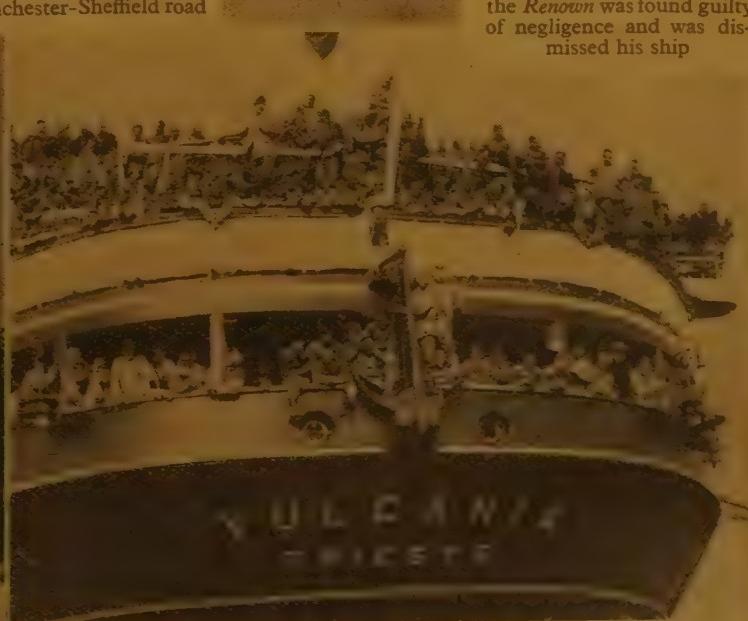
ADMIRAL'S SWORD
RETURNED

Following the collision between the *Hood* and the *Renown*, Rear-Admiral S. R. Bailey was tried by court-martial at Portsmouth and acquitted of the charge of hazarding the two ships. Vice-Admiral Astley-Ruston (right) handed back Admiral Bailey's sword after the decision had been announced. In subsequent courts-martial Captain Sawbridge of the *Renown* was found guilty of negligence and was dismissed his ship



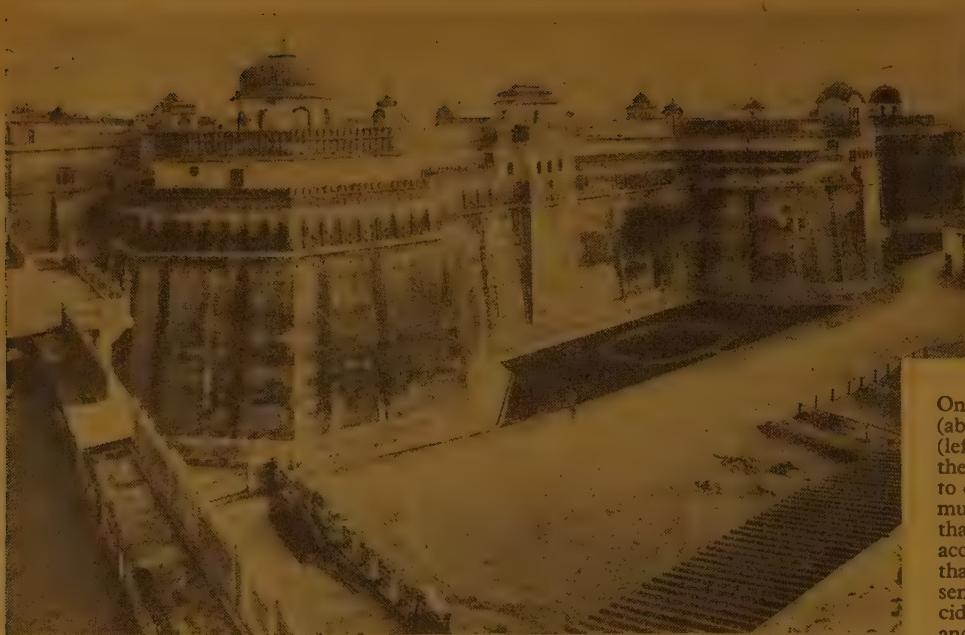
COOKERY EXHIBITION

London welcomed cooks from all over the country last week. The ingenuity of the modellers seems this year to have surpassed itself. A life-size bust of Mr. Winston Churchill sculptured in fat was to be seen beside St. Paul's Cathedral, the Albert Memorial and the new liner *Queen Mary*, all modelled in sugar.



ITALIAN-ABYSSINIAN DISPUTE

It is estimated that Italy has an expeditionary force of nearly twenty-five thousand men en route for Abyssinia. The photograph shows a contingent of three thousand leaving Messina on February 26. Meanwhile, Abyssinian-Italian conversations continue in Rome.



INCREASE IN ACCIDENTS TO PEDESTRIANS & CYCLISTS.

DEAD	INJURED	DEAD	INJURED
<i>1928</i>			
<i>1933</i>			
+ 8%	16%	96%	100%

J.B.

THE CYCLIST AND HIS TRACKS

Despite opposition from cyclists themselves the Minister of Transport is determined to provide them with special tracks. 'The more we can universalise these tracks', he said, 'the less dangerous shall we make travel for all sections of road users. How urgent the problem is for providing these tracks can be seen from the accident figures for a period of 5 years'. The above diagram is based upon figures quoted by the Minister



INDIA BILL DEVELOPMENTS

On February 25 the Maharajah of Patiala (above) held a private meeting at his capital (left), which was attended by practically all the representatives of the important States to discuss the Indian Reform Bill. A communiqué stated that: 'It was emphasised that before the Bill could be considered as acceptable to the States, it was necessary that it should be amended in certain essential respects. The Conference . . . decided to put forward certain amendments and passed a resolution indicating the strong feelings of the States on the present proposals . . .'. Sir Samuel Hoare stated on February 26 that the communiqué did not indicate any change in the attitude of the Princes toward Federation, and was not a pronouncement against the Bill



HIGH WATER IN PARIS

The rising level of the Seine has been causing great anxiety in Paris. The lower quays were submerged, and it was necessary for stocks to be removed hurriedly to higher ground. The water, as shown here, was well above the knees of the famous Zouaves on the Alma Bridge

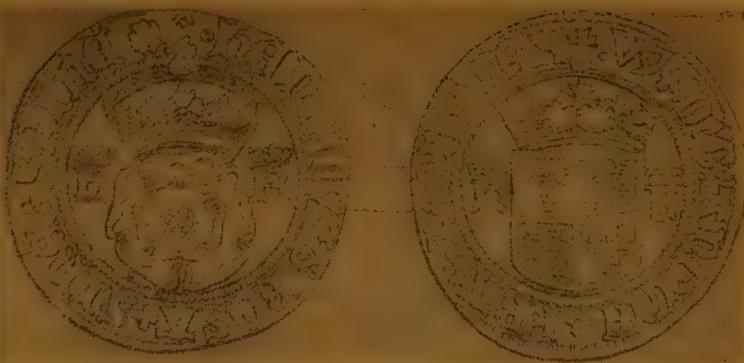
ROYAL RESIDENCE AT EASTBOURNE

The King and Queen arrived on February 26 at Compton Place, Eastbourne, where they are staying prior to the Jubilee celebrations. Compton Place belongs to the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire



CHELSEA BRIDGE DEMOLITION

After a life of about seventy-seven years, Chelsea Bridge was closed at midnight on February 28 for demolition. Originally it cost £85,000 to build and has never been popular on account of its narrowness and feared instability. A temporary bridge has now been erected alongside and the cost of the new bridge, which will take three years to build, is estimated to be in the neighbourhood of £300,000



CURRENCY RELIC

One of the first base coins to be issued by an English King, a Henry VIII Bristol crown, a magnified reproduction of which is shown above, was put up for sale in London recently. Sir W. Sherrington, the King's Moneyer, struck the coin to please Henry VIII: but, subsequently he debased and confused the coinage and, on his own confession, counterfeited £12,000



JACK HOBBS RETIRES

Cricket has lost the greatest batsman ever known—the man who scored 61,000 runs and made 197 centuries. In announcing his retirement to the Surrey Club, Hobbs referred to the honour conferred upon him when the new gates at the Oval (above) were named after him



YOUR PRIVATE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

The 'auto-dial', illustrated above, is to be brought into operation shortly by the Post Office. Any one of a selected number of subscribers can be obtained by adjusting the pointer and pressing the lever at the side



HERR KISCH IS GLAD TO LEAVE

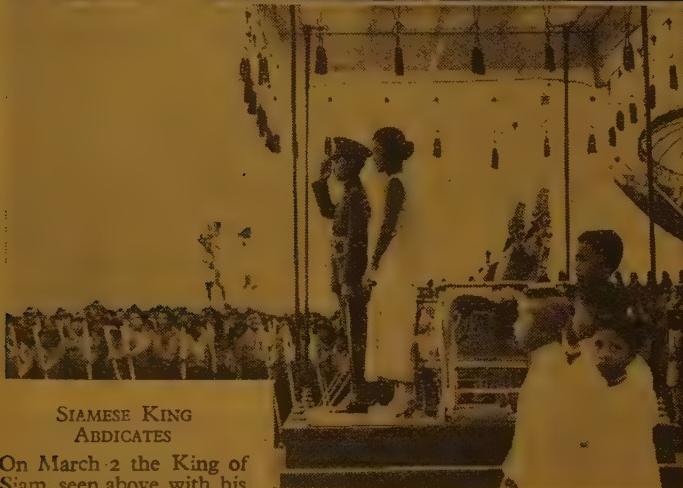
The exiled German writer, Egon Kisch, is now able to leave Australia after three months' adventure there, during which time he was refused permission to land to attend an anti-war congress, sprained his ankle trying to jump on to Melbourne quay, failed to pass a dictation test in Gaelic for immigrants and was sentenced to prison with hard labour.

He is making preparations to leave Australia at once



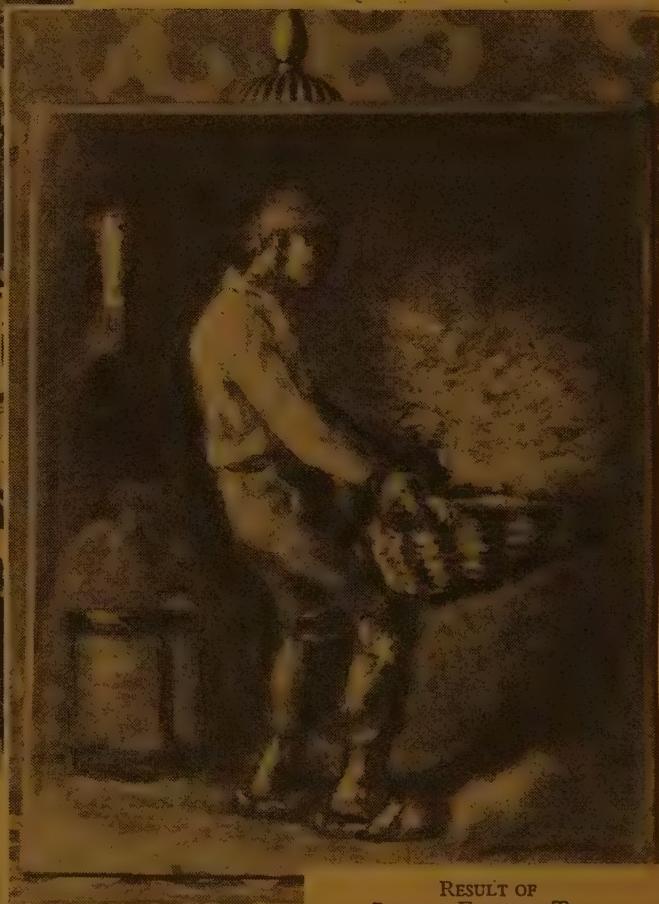
THE SAAR IS GERMAN

At half-past nine on March 1 Germany became bigger by the 737 square miles of the Saar Territory. Herr Hitler was present in person to take the salute in the vast organised celebrations (left), and in the evening he made his first speech in Saar territory. Appealing for peace to France, he said: 'Let us hope that our great neighbour is also ready, as we are, to seek peace. It must be possible for two nations to grasp hands and to remove all obstacles from the way'. His speech was broadcast, and it was also listened to by an enormous crowd in Saarbrücken. The special stamp on letters, illustrated above, is being used as part of the celebrations



SIAMESE KING
ABDIQUATES

On March 2 the King of Siam, seen above with his Queen, signed a formal act of abdication at his private residence near Cranleigh, Surrey. The document, which took the form of a public statement addressed to the Siamese people, was at once conveyed to the President of the Siamese National Assembly, who has been staying in London



RESULT OF
PICTURE FORGERY TRIAL

Jean Charles Millet, grandson of the famous French painter, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and fined 500 francs for selling forged masterpieces. His companion, Paul Cazot, was dealt with in the same way. They also have to pay costs and 12,000 francs damages to the buyer of the forged Millet, illustrated above, 'The Winnower in the Red Bonnet'. It was stated during the trial that some of the forgeries had found their way to Great Britain



FIGHTING IN ATHENS

A view across the roof-tops of Athens where a violent attempt at revolution took place on March 1. On shore the insurgents met with little success, but they succeeded in carrying off a large section of the fleet to Crete, where M. Venizelos, the ex-Premier, having denounced the Government, placed himself at their head. Aircraft dispatched by the Government caused considerable damage to the revolutionary force

Science in the Making

Territory in Bird Life

By J. M. McC. FISHER

A summary of the discussion between Dr. John Baker and Mr. Fisher on February 25

IN ornithology today there are two main problems which people are tackling, those of Migration and Territory. The first of these has become increasingly prominent in England during the last decade. Many people go to a lot of trouble putting rings on birds' legs to find out where they go (and incidentally how long they live), and results have so far been very satisfactory. But it is the second of these, the problem of bird territory, that I am particularly interested in.

To show what is meant by bird territory I will plunge straight into discussing the behaviour of male birds before the breeding season. Many perching birds, like finches and warblers, pass the winter in flocks. Some of these flocks may be resident—that is, they may breed in the same district in which they pass the winter—while others may migrate, usually northwards, to breed. Among resident birds the males nearly always leave the flock before the females; likewise among those birds that reach us from the south the males usually arrive first.

They do this in order to stake out a territory for themselves. The process is not sudden with the resident birds; they begin by leaving the flocks and returning to them. First of all they start by leaving for an hour or two, often in the early morning, and gradually they free themselves from the flock altogether until they become isolated in their territories. These are areas, generally of no definite kind of shape, but ranging in size

where he sits and shows himself, and sings in a loud voice. We call this his 'headquarters'. A song-thrush or blackbird is a good example. The interesting point about his singing is that it is not entirely used for attracting the female; it is of just as much importance as a means of making his presence felt by other males in the neighbourhood.

If another male appears in his territory he sings as loud as he can, and flies off his bough and gives chase. Often he sings while he is chasing. He chases the other bird right out of his territory. The further he gets from his 'headquarters', the less aggressive he becomes. He holds this area not only until he is joined by the female from the flocks,



Fighting for the possession of territory—male blackbirds. The bare skin on the crown of the defeated bird shows the nature of the injuries from which it succumbed

between very definite limits. The actual average size of territory varies, naturally enough, with the species of bird. A chaffinch, for instance, probably occupies rather over an acre (nearer an acre-and-a-half).

Some time ago E. M. Nicholson carefully counted all the birds in particular large areas. I could refer, amongst other things, to his book *How Birds Live**. He found about three hundred birds of all kinds living in about forty acres of land. This was rather more than half woodland, with clearings in it, and the rest pasture. There were fifteen pairs of chaffinches actually breeding, and they had suitable nesting places everywhere except on the pasture. A chaffinch breeding in a hedge between two fields tends to confine his territorial activities more to the actual hedge than to the open fields near his nest. And so we have fifteen pairs of chaffinches in over twenty acres of woodland and hedge; that gives us an average territory in that district of about an acre-and-a-half for the chaffinch. In the same place Nicholson found seven willow-wren territories in eight acres, and he thinks that this is about the highest number such an area can hold.

The male bird, then, has chosen his territory, and he marks it out in this way. He selects a very obvious resting-place, such as the top of a tree, a gate, or a post, or something like that,



A battle between two pairs of jays—

which are by this time breaking up, but often until the young can fly. As long as the male is actually in his territory the female will, in many cases, actively help him to protect it, but she seems to have little original territorial instinct of her own.

H. Eliot Howard, who is the pioneer in this sort of work and has made a tremendous number of valuable observations,



—and another between two pairs of pied wagtails

*Illustrations from 'Territory in Bird Life',
by H. Eliot Howard (Murray)

from drifting apart. Then there is the matter of food supply. With this jealously guarded territory the warbler or blackbird or whatever it is has a guaranteed food supply near the nest. And the less far the parent birds have to go to find food, the less chance there is that the young should cool off and die in hard weather, or be exposed to the sun in hot weather.

Not all people, however, agree that this system is of definite advantage to the bird concerned.

Recently D. and L. Lack have criticised the theory and have said that the whole business is merely an affair of the male bird. They say that it is far from proved that territory is of any use from the point of view of food and shelter. They even question whether it is such a definite thing as Howard makes out. They give examples of birds with nests some way away from the singing headquarters or from the feeding grounds (as in plovers).

The answer to their criticism seems to be this. It is true that the feeding territory and the breeding territory may not always coincide. Birds from neighbouring territories may feed happily together in the same bush. The advantage of territory



The female chaffinch shares in the defence, and attacks other females

as regards food is this. Supposing we have a lot of birds of the same species whose territories adjoin. They will probably eat the same food. In a big area where there are lots of birds there is probably a limited amount of food. Under the territorial system the birds are spaced out so that there is the proper number in that area for the amount of food available. The fact that individual feeding grounds may overlap does not seem to matter.

The point about the Lacks' contribution which I think is of the greatest importance is their suggestion that the territorial behaviour of the male is comparable to secondary sexual characters such as bright plumage, spurs and wattles, or complicated displays. The polygamous blackcock has display grounds where it strives to attract the females. The interesting thing is that at these grounds the males have each a tiny territory, often only a yard or two across, which they preserve from other males with great fierceness.

By no means all birds are territorial. In the same zoological family we have the rook, social in its nesting and feeding habits, and the territorial raven. Marine birds seldom have the system. On a crowded guillemot cliff it is very difficult to say whether there are territories round each bird's egg. Some birds seem to be capable of both territorial and social behaviour. On a recent expedition to Spitsbergen, on which I was one of the ornithologists, we studied the eider duck. We found it breeding in large numbers on the many islands, or 'eider holms', where it was crowded closely together, and on the coast of the mainland itself, where the nests were on the whole regularly spaced out at distances of three-quarters-of-a-mile or so. We thought that the difference between the two nesting sites was caused by the presence of the arctic fox on the mainland. He cannot swim to the islands. This might thus be a case of apparent rather than true territorialism.

To sum up: Many birds have territories. These territories result in there being an isolated area for each nesting pair. The extent of the territorial system and its advantages are a matter of some slight disagreement. What is definite is that the system is by no means universal. I think that in most cases where it exists it is of advantage to the bird, to the species rather than to the individual. The whole species gets evenly distributed everywhere where there is suitable food and nesting ground. The Lacks, however, consider that it is not proved that territorial behaviour has much to do with food supply. They think that males are naturally pugnacious, and keep other males off merely as a result of their pugnacity. According to them the territory system may not be of actual help to the successful reproduction of the species.

Microphone Miscellany

Some extracts from recent broadcasts

New Zealand and its People

I AM LOOKING FORWARD with the greatest interest to my approaching term of office as Governor-General of New Zealand. It will be a new and great experience. New Zealand, although comparatively a new Dominion—and indeed, it is only about 80 or 90 years of age as a white man's country—has already achieved a wonderful record of material progress. In size it is no larger than Britain, but so temperate is the climate and so fertile the soil, that it is perhaps the most productive country in the world.

Imagine that this Dominion, with less than two millions of inhabitants—95 per cent. of whom are of British origin—exports to Britain more butter than any Dominion or foreign country. Consider that it supplies us with 70 per cent. of the cheese that comes from overseas. Again, take Canterbury lamb, now stocked here in almost every butcher's shop: New Zealand sends to this country 55 per cent. of all lamb and mutton entering our ports from abroad. What a testimonial these figures are to the energy of the New Zealand farmer and to the advance of the science of refrigeration!

I am glad that New Zealand's slogan for its goods is: 'Quality—always the highest quality'. It is remarkable that every case of butter and every carcase of lamb is inspected and graded and stamped by Government officers before it comes here. I am a farmer myself, and I am aware that the present low prices for

his goods is seriously affecting the New Zealand farmer, just as I know how serious the times are for agriculturists here in my own country. But conferences are being held now every week between Great Britain and the Dominions about this vexed question. I believe myself that, given the right spirit of 'give and take', the Motherland and her Dominions will reach such an agreement as will bring about better prices for our own home farmers and, by a long-term policy, better and sounder conditions for Dominion producers.

I am interested in the natives of New Zealand—the Maoris—who number over 60,000 and are yearly growing in numbers, and are unquestionably among the finest and most chivalrous and fearless of all races. They have grown up side by side with the white man in perfect amity and peace; no other people in the world is more loyal to the British Crown than the Maoris of New Zealand.

I think I speak the mind of most of my listeners when I say that we have not forgotten the great part played by New Zealand in the War. This country, so distant from the conflicts of Europe, was among the first to rally to the Mother Country, and actually sent over 100,000 trained men of the highest quality to the War. I have just visited the graves of fallen New Zealanders in France, and my inspection of the New Zealand cemeteries has filled me with a new respect and affection for these gallant island people. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that we British

people have an especially warm place in our hearts for our New Zealand kinsmen.

The High Commissioner for New Zealand tells me that he and the New Zealand Tourist Department are at present engaged in an intensive effort to get more visitors and tourists to visit New Zealand from Great Britain. When one considers that in a few months the British tourist can voyage to New Zealand and back at a most reasonable expenditure, and in excellent steamers, one rather wonders why so many of us spend our winters in foreign parts. With the same expenditure of time we could see an Empire country remarkable for the variety and grandeur of its scenery, and its opportunity for all kinds of sport. Moreover, the English pound is worth 24 shillings today in New Zealand and about 12 or 13 shillings only in Continental countries. I shall be glad to learn during my term of office that British travellers are coming more and more to New Zealand.

Mr. Forbes, the Prime Minister, will visit London for the Jubilee celebrations and is assured of a hearty welcome. When the eyes of all are turned to the Capital of the Empire, none will rejoice more than the people of New Zealand, which is second to none in loyalty and devotion to the Sovereign.

VISCOUNT GALWAY

At Appleby Horse Fair

THE TRIBAL HORSE DEALERS and gypsies who go to Appleby Fair are a complete race apart. They have their own language, their own curious beliefs and customs, and their own amazing superstitions, which have all been handed down from generation to generation. Although they have no use for legal documents, once they hit another man's hand over a deal, they would never go back on their word. That smack of the hand is as binding to



Activity at the Horse Fair

Photographs: James F. Whithead

them as any document stamped at Somerset House. And there aren't any arguments afterwards. If a horse has been faked and its owner has been clever enough to make a deal, he soon gets the reputation of being 'a wide man', and demands the respect of the whole community—even the man who has been caught.

Sharp-featured little men, with faces the colour of dry mud, and with gold rings in their ears and brightly coloured handkerchiefs round their necks, argue and shout and blaspheme with their thick-set, plump-faced companions. 'I'll give you ten



Romany family and their belongings encamped for the fair

pounds and not a penny more. And that's me final word', cries one man.

'Have some sense man, for pity's sake. You know a cushty gri when you set eyes on one, don't you? I'll take fifteen pounds and not a farthin' less. Here man, hold out your hand'.

'I'll be danged if I will', says the other, excitedly pulling his hand away, and a crowd usually gathers. People on both sides interrupt. And the horse is probably put through its paces half-a-dozen times.

At last they fix on a price. 'Put out your hand', cries the dealer, and he hits the man's open hand with the palm of his. The bargain has been sealed, but the deal isn't quite completed yet. The seller always has to return some small amount of money, or he has to give some sort of present. This is supposed to bring luck, both to the buyer and to the seller.

The encampment spreads along both sides of the road for well over a mile. Every sort of caravan is to be found there. Up-to-date trailers and ancient horse vardoos, with round tops and painted sides. Some of the families live in those very old-time, odd-looking shacks made of leaves, and others have more up-to-date canvas arrangements by the side of their caravans. The families gather outside and sit about dressed in their best. The doors of the caravans are always open, and the flaps of the tents are pulled back, so that all can see the splendour within. The beds are covered with beautiful silk eiderdowns and magnificently embroidered cushions and the most marvellous collection of lace, embroidery work and silk is arranged and hung about the place. But this is only for show. They are quite open about this. When they prepare for bed all this finery is packed away, and at the end of the week it is carefully stored in camphor until the next Appleby Fair.

There is every reason why they should display their belongings and

show off generally at Appleby because much depends upon this week. It is here that the débutantes of the road 'come out'. It is the great social week of the year, and it is everybody's ambition to have something new for the occasion, whether it be a frock, a new pair of gold earrings, or even a 'cushty little charver', which means a nice little baby. Young Sarah is dressed in a new satin gown of bright orange, or something like that, and a spotless white apron, and Ezra, the head of the family, discusses the abilities and likely possessions of young Jonathan with

the boy's father, the head of another tribe. And unless a suitable arrangement is fixed, poor Sarah may remain husbandless for another twelve months. Such affairs as these are usually conducted in the evening, and more often than not they are carried out in very much the same manner as the horse dealing earlier in the day. In the evening, too, there is always a dance in the open air, and nearly everyone joins in, whether they can dance or not. I feel I am expected to mention the fiddler here, but personally I have always discovered that the accordian and concertina are the most popular instruments at Appleby. Even the oldest members of the tribe usually dance for a few turns and then they sit and smoke and talk and watch the others. Grandmothers of the tribes, with faces wrinkled like walnuts, and complexions as black as the old clay pipes they smoke, sit and mumble to themselves, and the dancing and the shouting and the music goes on till the early hours of the morning. There are always a few fights. Old Tena will bet Bill Simmonds that his boy can lick young Pickles, and a wager like this has to be settled there and then. The gipsies are great fighters, but they seldom fight with anyone except themselves.

Of course, the women are really the brains of the family. To-day most of the gipsies are hawkers of one kind or another, and it is the women who know how to tell the tale. When selecting a husband they apparently desire but two things. That he can fight for them—and give them a family. And the Romany seems to be able to do these two things exceptionally well, and with complete thoroughness.

PHILIP ALLINGHAM

Solomon Island Personalities

AS A DISTRICT OFFICER in the Solomons I had a comfortable bungalow in a vast and lovely garden. Being so near the Equator, we have almost equal day and night in the Solomons. The sun rises and sets throughout the year between five-forty-five and six-fifteen. The day usually began for me at about six in the morning when Amasia, my houseboy, brought tea and thin bread and butter. I would hear a slightly nervous voice whisper 'Tea him he stop, Sir?' followed by scampering bare feet as Amasia made for the kitchen at speed. Like all Solomon Island boys, Amasia knew that a sleeping white man is occupied by a fierce devil which leaps out at the moment of wakening; he had no intention of being caught if he could avoid it! Livers are not always too good in the Solomons.

At nine, after breakfast, the Protectorate flag was unfurled with a magnificent ceremonial by the police detachment. They looked resplendent with their dark brown bodies gleaming with fresh oil, their hair newly dressed and rising six or seven inches, their leatherwork and its brass shining. The whole business, although excellent drill, was something of a formal ballet—a majestic dance which never failed to excite me.

There followed a morning in the office, and perhaps court, if the police had bagged any malefactors, or if anybody in the outer villages had complaints. On my last station, the people were unused to government; it seemed futile for me to be stern and uncompromising. As a magistrate, one had to decide whether a man deserved gaol or needed gaol. For instance, if a man merited fourteen days and he was suffering from *bukua*, a powdery kind of ringworm very common on the Islands, which takes about six weeks to clear up, he was given six weeks' imprisonment, because that was the only way to cure his sickness. Since the gaol had walls of palm leaf and no door, and the food we supplied was much better than what he got in his village, everyone was satisfied.

The Melanesian Solomon Islanders are very difficult in Court because they *will* speak the truth, and sometimes more. I was trying a man for a petty assault one day on Vanikoro. He admitted the assault quite happily, and gave an excellent and exciting description of it, but finally compared this assault unfavourably with a former assault when the 'assaultee' was 'killed-dead-finish! This seemed none of my business. I ignored the rather stale murder and gave him fourteen days, which he spent in the station garden. One day when I was working with him I said, 'I say, Manoa, why did you kill that feller?' 'Oh,' said he casually—he was planting out lettuce at the time—'Oh,' said he, 'that feller talk too much *blood!*' The reason seemed good, and we got on with the lettuce.

On one small island called Sikaiana where Polynesians live, I spent two delightful days as the guest of His Majesty of the Atoll. This little king wore a suit of rather soiled pink flannel pyjamas, and he never moved officially without a great Union

Jack floating over his head, nor did he ever offer an opinion without consulting his Mind. That's natural enough for anybody, but this king didn't keep his mind inside his own head. His Mind went about inside the head of another old chap, a kind of Lord High Chancellor, I suppose. Now the people of Sikaiana are very beautiful, the most beautiful in the world, I think; and you've probably noticed, as I have, that there are a lot of stupid people about who want at once to enjoy beauty—and to destroy it. The fact that Sikaiana is very small and a hundred miles from the main group has helped to save the people from bad European contacts; there is no safe harbour nor anchorage, and anyway, the atoll has little to offer in the way of trade. And another quaint point is that the headmen of Sikaiana, who are also the heathen priests, know the dangers of European contacts, and take very effective steps.

H. MACQUARIE

The Whole Duty of Japanese Women

FIVE YEARS OF TEACHING in a Girls' High School in Japan showed me that school life is one long process of preparing the girl for her real business in life, marriage and home. Apart from general subjects, she learns all the necessary biological facts of the human body, how to bring up children, the management of a home, cooking and dressmaking. Side by side with these are lessons in etiquette for all occasions, flower arrangement and filial piety. The aim always must be for beauty. The lessons in etiquette cover every occasion she is likely to meet, and the appropriate movements. All must be symbolic of inner feeling not expressed. Poise and self-effacement must be ever before her mind. Ethics and filial piety are usually taught as class subjects, and these include the three great obediences, or as one sage put it 'The whole duty of woman'.

A Japanese girl has no illusions to shatter on marriage. Love for her means service, willing and unquestioning obedience to her honourable lord and master. She does not expect tenderness or chivalry from her husband; they are for his parents and his friends. She will not share her husband's pleasures or converse with his friends; it is not considered seemly. A certain type of very modern youth and girl is trying out an experiment in comradeship now, but it is not popular. A good Japanese wife sees her husband into bed at night, whatever time he returns home, brushing and straightening his clothes. She greets him in the morning with hot tea, and gets him and the children safely off to work and school.

Life in Japan revolves round one centre, the family, with the Emperor as father and mother of one great Japanese family. It is due entirely to the untiring zeal and patience of the Japanese woman that the family life runs as smoothly and evenly as it does. She may want much more from life than she gets, but she knows how to wait for it.

M. E. ESSEN

Restoring the Beauty of Escombe

ESCOMBE IS A SMALL PLACE, only about 500 people all told, and it is rather off the beaten track. But in Escombe they have done something in the last year the value of which is altogether out of proportion to the size of the village. When I first got in touch with a friend in the nearest town of any size and said I should like to have a look at Escombe, he thought I must want to see the Saxon Church. Escombe has got a Saxon Church that is quite well known in the district, it has stood more or less as it is for thirteen hundred years, the walls were built in the seventh century, and included in the Church an arch from the Roman Camp near by. It was a strange sensation looking at that arch and the number VII and the word Legio deeply graven on one of the stones in the wall—'The Seventh Legion' who were stationed at Eboracum or York at the time of the Crucifixion. However, I am not an authority on church architecture, and I didn't go to Escombe to see the Saxon Church. A hundred years ago Escombe was a quiet country village looking up a glorious valley and flanked with rolling moors, its population was agricultural. Then came the discovery of coal, and Escombe prospered, at any rate as far as wages were concerned. An enormous slag-heap three hundred yards long and some forty feet high grew week by week until it shut off the village from the valley and ruined what was once beautiful. Then, some time during the last ten years the coal gave out, the pit closed, and the eighty men of the village became unemployed. They were proud, however,

of their village, these men of Escombe, and one of them, or perhaps it was a group, conceived the idea of making Escombe as it was before the pit came to darken its beauty. Let's move the slag heap, they said, and the village will again look down the valley. So they got together and with the technical assistance of the local surveyor, and funds subscribed by the staff of the Ministry of Labour at London, but giving their labour freely, in the year they have been on the job the slag-heap has altered out of all recognition. Two hard tennis courts, a children's playground and

a small shelter have already been completed, they have plans to turn the rest into a football ground—and that will involve immense labour in shifting some derelict coke-ovens. They are also going to build a club, and they have already fenced the reclaimed territory and turfed an area large enough for the playground. There is two or three years' work yet to be done, but what I saw in itself was a magnificent piece of work. Faith, it seems, can still move mountains.

JOHN NEWSOM

Retirement Pensions and their Cost

By JOHN HILTON

In this talk Professor Hilton sums up and analyses schemes for Retirement Pensions put forward by unemployed listeners

WHEN, many weeks ago, I mentioned retirement pensions as one of the proposed ways of reducing unemployment, I had no idea what I was stirring up. At the mere mention I got a few score of letters. Instead of being daunted by that, I went on, and asked you to put down on paper your idea of a Pension Act, that would take old people out of their job and make room for younger men. From that one request I got not far short of four hundred letters. Some gave opinions, some gave arguments, some gave suggestions, some gave complete schemes in the form of draft Acts of Parliament. Now when people have been to the trouble to write to me, and to write such good and helpful letters as these were, I can't just glance them through. I've read every letter twice: most of them three times. I've tabulated the main points. I've sorted out, marked, and had copied the passages I thought most noteworthy.

Now I'll give you the scheme as a whole. This is not *my* pension scheme. It's yours. Here it is:

Clause One: A pound a week for life to be offered to all insured persons of sixty and over who are in work, on condition that they retire and undertake not to work any more for wages or for profit, and a pound a week for the wife.

Clause Two: No-one is to be compelled to take the pension, but anyone who does not accept it inside six months cannot after that claim it.

Clause Three: The Retirement Pension may be claimed by any person of sixty or over who is insured under the present Insurance Pension Acts.

Clause Four: In order that the older unemployed may be taken off the labour market, the pension shall be offered to any unemployed person of sixty and over who, if he had no pension, might succeed in getting one of the jobs given up by pensioners.

Clause Five: Persons in receipt of a pension must not work for wages or for profit. The yield from gardening or other productive work done as a hobby or pastime may be used at home or given away, but must not be sold.

Clause Six: Any person who has once accepted the pension may at any time resign the pension and go back into work, but he or she may not claim the Retirement Pension again.

Clause Seven: The present Insurance Pension at sixty-five to continue for those who prefer to remain at work, and the present old-age pension for those who for any reason have failed to qualify for a Retirement or Insurance Pension.

Clause Eight: The money required to pay for Retirement Pensions shall come from taxation.

That is all: eight clauses. That is the scheme most of you appear to favour. Though most of us like it, some of you do not. Some think it doesn't go quite far enough. Some think it goes a bit too far. A few are quite angry because I wiped out compulsion. They want to turf everybody over sixty out of industry on to a pension for good right away. I am still of the same mind: no compulsion.

Number of Probable Pensioners

Now for my calculations as to what your scheme would do for unemployment and what it would cost.

There are 900,000 wage-earners over sixty in jobs of one sort or another. Most of these would be qualified under your scheme for Retirement Pensions. Now I can only guess, but my guess is that 600,000 of these would claim the pension at once. That's 600,000 pensions for a start.

Those are the people in jobs. Now the people who have no jobs. There are about 300,000 over sixty known to be out of

work. How many of these would ask for the pension? Not all; for some are only stood off. Again I must guess. I guess 250,000 as the number that would claim the pension at once.

Put those two together and you get 850,000 persons who would claim the pension inside the six months limit. That's a pound a week for life for 850,000 pensioners. Now their wives. I gather from the census returns that four out of five men over sixty are married. That's 680,000 wives at a pound a week for life. Take pensioners and their wives together; and that involves an expenditure of £80 millions a year all told so far.

Now there are another half-million people already in receipt of contributory pensions who are neither in work nor out of work. They have retired. You are not going to deny the full pension to them because they have already done what you want others to do. That would be poor thanks. You would never be able to defend it. You will want an extra £25 millions a year for these, over and above what they are now getting.

Yet another group; those over sixty who have never qualified for insurance pensions, but who might take the places of the men who retire. You are going to offer these Retirement Pensions, but they would have to go before the Referees. How many would come through I can hardly guess. I will put the cost of giving pensions to these at £10 millions a year.

I am skipping all the detail of my calculations and telling you the results. The total extra cost of granting pensions on your plan, the extra cost, would be £95 millions a year. There would be some savings to off-set that. They depend on how many would get work.

So how many jobs would your scheme make? Again, you are nearly all far wide of the mark. The giving of pensions to those over 60 who are out of work would not make jobs for anybody, of course. The increasing of the pensions of already retired people wouldn't make any jobs. The only people whose pensions would make jobs are the 600,000 who are now in work. Some of you have been reckoning that if 600,000 men over sixty gave up, there would be 600,000 vacancies for younger men. I won't go into the reasons and details, but it is very probable there wouldn't be more than 300,000 vacancies to be filled, and not all of those would be full-time jobs.

How much benefit and assistance would be saved if 300,000 unemployed persons under 60 got jobs? I have calculated this as closely as I can and I put the saving at £10 millions a year. That is the saving on the unemployed who would get work. Then there is the further saving on the unemployed who would get pensions. I put that further saving at £5 millions a year. That seems low, I know, but I've been into it very carefully.

That is a saving of £15 millions a year to offset an expenditure of £95 millions a year. The total cost of your scheme would be, on balance, £80,000,000 a year additional to our present expenditure on social services, and for that money you would put 300,000 out of our present two million unemployed into work.

Is it a good bargain? You would spend £95 millions a year and make 300,000 jobs for men under sixty. That is to say it would cost you, over and above all savings, six pounds a week for every job you made. Be quite clear about this. I am talking to you, each of you, as though you were the Treasurer of this Club we call Britain; the man whose job it is to collect the money from people in order to pay it out. Put yourself in his place. You are offered a scheme under which you can make room for a certain number of unemployed men in industry, but the mere making room will cost you six pounds a week per man engaged. What would you say? Mind you, it isn't the man who takes the job who would get the six pounds. He would get whatever the employer paid him,

no more, no less. Your six pounds a week, every penny of it, would go in making the vacancy. It would go in bribing a little over three men and two wives with a pound a week each to get out, stay out, or keep out of the job. Is that good value for money? If, as Treasurer, you had 300,000 times six pounds a week (that's £95,000,000 a year) to spend on making jobs for the unemployed, and you wanted value for money, would you spend it in that way? You want my opinion? Well, I'm quite clear that if your one thought was for the unemployed, and if you were determined to get the best value for money *in jobs for the unemployed*, you would turn the scheme down—if that was your one purpose and if you had any sense.

Two Tricks With One Penny

The fact is, you have all been trying to do two tricks with the one penny. I've seen it in almost every one of your letters. You want to make it possible for old people to spend the evening of their lives in comfort, and you want to reduce unemployment; and wanting both these things you pretend to yourselves that they are the same thing and that the one coin will buy both. It won't.

You have been doing what everyone with a reform at heart has been doing for some years past—letting on that if their pet scheme were adopted it would reduce unemployment. There are those who wish children could have a year more at school. I think they are right. But instead of saying: 'We want it for the sake of the children', they *will* say 'We want it for the sake of the unemployed'. There are those who want shorter hours. Instead of saying 'Short hours are good in themselves', they *will* say 'Short hours would reduce unemployment'. It doesn't matter what the cause—Home Grown Sugar, Brighter Battleships, Bigger Tariffs, Better Teachers, Higher Wages, Holidays with Pay, Lower Taxes—it doesn't matter; instead of people saying plainly that they want the thing for its own sake, they *will* say they want it for the sake of the unemployed. I do it myself, if I don't look out. You have been pleading for Retirement Pensions, not so much for the sake of the old people, as to reduce unemployment. And when I make you face up to the figures you see that you have fallen between two aims; and you have come near letting down the old people because it can be shown that your scheme would not do what you said it was for—reduce unemployment—or would only do it at extravagant cost.

I'm not blaming you. I've done all these things myself, many a time. I shall do them again, I've no doubt. But I must try not to; and you must try, too. If you think people who have reached sixty and feel they have done enough ought to have a pension on which they could just live without working, say so. And stick to it. Don't get it mixed up with the reduction of unemployment. I have shown you that it *would* reduce unemployment, but at a cost of six pounds a week for every full-time vacancy created. That is not good enough. But it doesn't say that because Retirement Pensions are a poor remedy for unemployment they are not worth thinking about. They *are* worth thinking about if you think of them for the sake of the old people.

So now I ask you, if you were Treasurer of this Club we call Britain, whether you would be prepared to pay, out of Club funds, a pound a week for life to the man over sixty who thinks he has done enough, or is told he isn't wanted (and a pound a week to the wife), so long as neither goes out to work, at a cost of £95 millions a year. (We know now that it would make 300,000 jobs for younger men, but that now isn't the main point—it's just an incidental advantage.) What would you, if you were Treasurer, say to that proposal?

You throw it back to me. What would I say? Well, the first thing I should say would be that I want to see retirement pensions extended as widely as possible. Civil Servants get pensions at sixty to sixty-five; so do policemen; so do teachers; so do many local authority employees; so do professors; so do many workers on the railways, in gas companies, co-operative stores, and lots of the better firms in many other industries. I think it is good for them, and I think it would be equally good for all other people who work for pay.

Where does the money come from in their case? In great part it is stopped each week from their pay. It isn't always put that way; for instance in the Civil Service you don't get so much docked from your pay. The understanding is that your pay is lower than it would be if there was no pension at the end. It is a kind of compulsory saving throughout their working lives against the time when they will want to retire.

Some of you say: 'Why not extend that arrangement so as to cover everybody?' Well, that's worth discussing but it is not the scheme you started with. Your scheme offers a pound a week at sixty to anyone who will drop out and keep out of a job. It

doesn't provide a pension of half or two-thirds working pay. Let us keep to the flat rate pension. How would you raise the money?

You still say the pensions could be paid for by contributions levied on people at work. Very well. But I am sure we have gone far enough with stamps on Health Cards and Employment Books. They are beginning to be a drag on employment. They are hard on the man who has earned little, and easy on the man who has earned a lot. What you are proposing in the scheme I have just read out is not an individual saving scheme; it is a new social service; and I think people should contribute to social services not at a flat rate all round, but each according to his means. So if you want these Retirement Pensions and you suggest that wage-earners should pay for them, I suggest you should raise the money by stopping so much in the pound out of everybody's wages.

How much in the pound? I must give you some figures again. The amount paid out in wages in an average year is £1,400 millions. You want £95 millions for your Pension Scheme. So if you got it all out of wages you would have to stop one-and-fourpence in the pound. The man on three pounds a week would have four shillings docked from his wages. The errand boy with a ten-shilling wage would have eightpence stopped.

But why should the wage-earners bear it all? I have called your pension scheme a Social Service; and social services I look on, we all look on, as a national obligation. Then what about asking the employer to pay some of it, as he does with Health and Unemployment? If you want my opinion, I say no. The employer doesn't in fact pay it; he passes it on in the price; and that to my mind is bad for employment and a bad way of collecting taxes.

Taxing All Incomes for Retirement Pensions?

What then? Don't say 'The State must help'. The State is only you and me and the Duke of Strangeways. The State has got to get it from somewhere. From where? I have given you the amount paid in wages. Now three more figures—the amounts received every year in salaries, rents, profits, and interest. Salaries, £800 millions pounds a year; Rents, £300 millions; Profits and Interest, £800 millions. Suppose *everybody* had to contribute to your Retirement Pensions in proportion to their income, sevenpence in the pound would be needed.

Do you see where we are arriving? We have got to an income-tax, just for this one charge of Retirement Pensions, of sevenpence in the pound; but one levied not just on the 4,000,000 people who at present pay income-tax, but on everybody who has any income at all.

Does that please you? Or do you think it ought to be raised along the lines of the present income-tax, in which nothing is paid by the smaller incomes and a great deal by the larger incomes? You want my opinion again? I am in favour of the present kind of graded income-tax, and I would like to see the money for all further social services raised in that way. But there is a limit, and we all want to know what the limit is. Some say, if you put more and more on the income-tax people will feel it just isn't worth while slaving to make money if you have to pay most of it out again, and they would slack off and there would be worse trade and more unemployment. Others say, the more you take from them the harder they will work to make it up.

I once heard two men arguing about what to do with hens that had the bad habit of eating their own eggs. They had both fixed up those special nests in which the egg, when the hen has laid it, rolls away out of reach and out of sight. One said he thought it discouraged the hen. The other said, Nonsense, what happened was that the hen looked round and said 'Good gracious, I thought I'd laid an egg; I must have been mistaken', and set to and laid another. That's the problem. Read 'income' instead of 'egg', and that's the problem. Does the egg belong to the hen that laid it? If you take away one or two that it was going to eat itself, will it be put off from laying or set out to lay more? What do you think?

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Church and State

(Continued from page 386)

of the personal is the very opposite of individualism. It is the recognition of the truth that you can be a person only in relation to other persons—only through friendship, through responsibility, through the sacrifice of self. Person and community are two aspects of one indivisible reality. Neither can exist without the other. We do not first exist as selves in our own right and then enter into relations with other selves. We are persons only in and through the acknowledgment of our obligations to other persons.

The Ultimate Authority

The third point I wish to make is the most important. It is the pivot on which the whole question of Church and State turns. It is that it is God who makes us persons. I have tried thus far to avoid theological language, and I know that in speaking of God I am using a term which for some people today has ceased to have any real meaning. But I hope that I can make sufficiently clear both what it is that I want to say and also its bearing on the questions we are considering. The Christian view is that the universe is not a dead universe. It is alive. Out of the world which we experience through our senses there come to us human voices making demands on us through responding to which, as we have just seen, we become persons. But out of that universe there may come to us also a word, a demand, which seems somehow to possess a more commanding authority than a merely human voice can claim. It makes an unconditional claim on us. We know, that is to say, that we must obey, whatever the cost—even at the cost of life itself. But if an unconditional demand of this kind is made on us it cannot be the demand of an ideal that is only *my* ideal. If it is merely my own ideal I, who have adopted it, can also set it aside. Nor can it be the word of a fellow-man, who as a limited and mortal being like myself cannot lay on me such a binding obligation. If the demand is unconditional it must have its source in reality itself. There must be that in the universe which speaks to me, calls me, commands me, demands a response, invites my trust, lays responsibility on me and through that personal call and personal response makes me a person. For, as I have already pointed out, we can only become and be persons through response to the claims of another person.

I am now ready to say what I understand by the Church. The Christian Church is the society of those who have heard the authoritative personal word of God spoken to them in Christ, and through it have been called into a personal life of response to the living will of the God whom Christ revealed and who, further, through that response to God's personal call are bound to the service and love of their fellow-men. It is vital for the understanding of what I am trying to say that we should realise that the Church is not, fundamentally, a society of people who are concerned with what ought to be but a society of people who have discovered something that actually is. The essence of Christianity is not, as many people suppose, the proclamation of an ideal, but an assertion about the nature of reality. I have already pointed out that the new collectivist movements are based on convictions about the character of the universe. What is false in them can be successfully opposed only by a deeper and truer understanding of the nature of reality. If bounds are to be set to the dangerous claims of the modern State it can be done only in the name of something higher and greater than the State. It is difficult to believe that the individual merely as individual has a right to oppose his will to the greater and more majestic will of the community or the State. What abiding importance can we attach to our conviction of the supremacy of the personal if it is nothing more than a personal preference or whim to which the universe as a whole is completely indifferent? To attempt to impose our own merely human standards and values on the universe must always seem on reflection a little absurd. If men are to transform society and its institutions they must believe in something stronger than their own ideals. They must believe that cosmic forces are bearing them forward. We can hold unflinchingly to the faith that the relations of persons with persons in love is the true end of human life only if we believe that there is that in reality itself which justifies this faith. The Christian conviction of the supremacy of the personal has its source in the experience of Reality itself as personal. It is only the individual, or rather the community, that fears, worships and obeys God, that has the right and the duty to set limits to the authority of the State. Religious faith is the last impregnable fortress of civil and political liberty.

But to be clear about that is not, of course, to have found a solution of the relations between Church and State. It is only to have seen where the real problem lies. That problem is how

the supreme reality of life, as Christians understand it, is to be related to the other realities of our human existence, such as the group, the family, the community, the nation, the State, the economic order and present-day culture. All the problems of social ethics have their roots in the unending and irremovable tension between the personal life of loyalty to God and love to man and the requirements of these institutions in which the life of man is inextricably set. There is no escape from this tension and conflict. Signor Mussolini, in the speech to which I have already referred, seeks to resolve the opposition by saying that the State is sovereign, and that there can be nothing outside or against the State, while on the other hand the Church remains sovereign in its own specific field of activity, which is the care and salvation of souls. But while it is true that the Church and the State have each their own distinct spheres, that does not remove the possibility of conflict. For the only serious meaning that can be given to the salvation of souls is that souls, or rather men and women, are redeemed here and now into a new life in relation to God and their fellow-men which must find its expression from day to day in action. Religion is alive only in so far as it expresses itself in conduct. Situations may arise in which the action to which a man is called as a Christian is contrary to the action which is required of him as a citizen, and he has then to choose whether he will obey God or the State. No man, Christ told us, can serve two masters.

Christianity Must Affect Political Action

Unless Christianity makes a difference in *action* in the political sphere, it cannot have any very great importance for the actual life of the world. But we have to ask, of course, what kind of action is appropriate to the Church in the political sphere. Is it simply action by individual Christians carrying out their civic obligations in the light of their Christian understanding of life? Or is it desirable and necessary, in view of the complexity of political conditions and the consequent difficulty of knowing what action is Christian in this sphere, that Christians should associate themselves together for the purpose of discovering what action is demanded of them as Christians and of affording each other mutual support in taking that action? Or, again, is it desirable or proper that the authorities of the Church should attempt to offer authoritative guidance to professing Christians in regard to their action as citizens?

At this point there opens up a whole host of questions which I have left myself no time to discuss. It would require another talk even to enumerate them. I have addressed myself in this talk to what seems to me to be the fundamental issue—the question, that is to say, whether the relation of Church and State is of central importance in regard to the most pressing problems which at this present moment affect profoundly the actual lives of all of us. The question of Church and State is of central and fundamental importance only if the Church possesses an understanding of the meaning of human life distinct from, and in some respects in conflict with, the doctrines of Communism, or Fascism, or National-Socialism, or scientific humanism, or rational liberalism. I say 'in some respects' since there may, of course, be elements of truth in the other views which the Christian view must incorporate.

But while I have had to limit myself to this fundamental issue, it is abundantly clear to me that to insist on the supremacy of the personal is unreal and sentimental unless one is prepared to relate this faith to man's actual existence and to the institutions which condition, limit, and too often deny, the expression of the personal life. The Church, that is to say, cannot evade the task, long and arduous as it must be, of thinking out the meaning of its faith in relation to the social, political and economic context of man's life. It is, for example, quite unrealistic to talk of the supremacy of the personal from the relative security and comfort of the more privileged classes. We cannot be in earnest about the Christian understanding of life without being driven to face the problem of unemployment. A fresh effort is being made at the present time to enlist the help of the ablest Christian minds in all countries in the task of thinking out the problems involved in the relations between Church and State as they meet us today. Plans are being made for a world conference of the Churches in 1937 on the subject of 'The Church, the State and the Community', and in preparation for the conference a programme of serious study is being undertaken in international co-operation. As my time has come to an end I must refer those of you who are interested in this effort, and in the questions with which it will attempt to deal, to a pamphlet entitled *Church, Community and State*, published by the Student Christian Movement Press.

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns.

Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a nom-de-plume

Fascism in Italy

You ask your correspondents to be brief, so I must deny myself some of the circumlocutions of polite discussion while contending Dr. Finer's broadcast on Fascism in Italy. First, then, he should not have allowed himself to fall into the well-worn cliché that Mussolini is 'sole master of Italy'. Bills in Italy are introduced, discussed, amended, passed by the Chamber of Deputies and Senate. They do not become law until they are signed by the King, who is a constitutional monarch. Signor Mussolini obtained the suffrages of 94 per cent. of the electorate in 1928; and no account of modern Italy should have omitted to state this fact. Dr. Finer's description of the beginning of Fascist dominance is sadly misinformed. The truth is that the corruption of the Liberal Democratic governments prior to 1922, and the Socialist and Communist outrages of 1920 and 1921, horrified all classes. The bomb thrown in the Diana Theatre in Milan, the Red Terror in Rimini, the murder in Bologna Town Hall of a helpless war-veteran by Communist councillors, and the constant insults offered to the flag and uniform of the country determined the chivalrous Italian people of all classes, especially the working classes, to have done with an alien political philosophy. It is untrue to say that Mussolini was the candidate of 'the rich and middle class', and that Fascism led 'to the destruction of the workers' organisations'. The opposition to Fascism has come chiefly from capitalists and employers. Trades unions were always weak in Italy, and were torn in pieces by post-War factions: Fascism substituted for them non-political syndicates, open to all and enjoying complete autonomy. Workers' syndicates are strong in Italy today and provide more benefits for their members than do trades unions in this country.

To reply in detail to Dr. Finer's assertion that criticism is suppressed in Italy would take me too long, for it would take me into a discussion of climate and psychology, but there can be no doubt that Fascism is popular with the masses. In 1924, under the old electoral law, it received an enormous majority. Since then there have been two plebiscites of the people's will, and each of them has shown that Fascism enjoys a support in Italy that no government in this country has ever received.

London, W.C.I

F. YEATS-BROWN

Authors and Booksellers

It would be as true to say (because an occasional author gets it) that a 30 per cent. royalty is what authors 'expect and get' as to state, as you do in your leading article of February 27, that the bookseller 'expects and gets' 33 per cent. The bookseller gets this discount if he buys before publication and takes the risk of his purchase being left on his shelves, an odds-on chance with fourteen thousand new books and new editions published each year. On books he orders after publication he sometimes gets 25 per cent. and sometimes 16½ per cent. Taken over a year a bookseller's discount averages about 22 per cent. and this must be related to his overhead expenses which are always 20 per cent. or more, without taking into consideration the high cost of depreciation, or the cost of getting business. The cleverest bookseller would have to do some deep thinking to make a profit on general books on this basis. No bookseller does; he makes his profit and keeps up his turnover on secondhand books, school books, and such etceteras as sun-spectacles, packets of brown paper, pen-nibs, picture postcards, and miniatures of Mickey Mouse.

Authors starve, booksellers grow hungry, not because of the 'largely unreal' intervention of the bookseller, but because the public (rightly or wrongly) prefers to borrow its books rather than buy them. In your Talks Booklets you regularly print half a page of detailed instruction as to how books mentioned may be borrowed, with no slightest hint that a book may be purchased. Every book borrowed is a lost royalty to the author. Every book borrowed keeps book prices up and booksellers' orders down. The cloth manufacturer, the tailor, would also starve and suits would be dear if the public clothed its body as well as its mind in borrowed material.

Supposing, as has been threatened, the lending of magazines becomes popular and the circulation of THE LISTENER drops to five hundred copies. Would you still sell at 3d.? How much would you pay your contributors? Would the public continue to patronise the 'largely unreal' intervention of THE LISTENER? The price of books (which is averagely far nearer 3s. 6d. than the 7s. 6d. you mention) would, given a large market, soon adjust itself, and everyone would perhaps be happy. In France and in the United States, where the lending problem is not acute, these things are certainly better ordered. Here, I think, the damage is done and books will soon become so lendable that very few copies of any author's work will satisfy the demand.

London, W.I

JOHN BAKER

Youth Looks Ahead

Most of your readers will probably agree with a great deal that Dr. Wolfenden has to say in his article in the series 'Youth Looks Ahead', published in THE LISTENER of February 20. But his statement that it seems to him that we now have 'equality of opportunity' makes one marvel that a Headmaster of Uppingham could so delude himself. Curiously, the B.B.C.'s other periodical, *The Radio Times*, contained a perfect, if unintentional, comment on his statement in its issue published two days later. It is in the form of a thumb-nail biography of Professor John Hilton; and it tells how as a brilliant schoolboy he felt compelled, in loyalty to his family, to surrender his highly favourable prospects of a university scholarship so that he might bring immediate contribution to the family income. It tells, too, how later, when as a mechanic he had actually won such a scholarship, his intellectual achievement was entirely discounted and he was disqualified from enjoying it because of a technical irregularity in his conditions of employment. It surely gives final point when we recollect that he now gives instruction in a university to many whose only claim to the privilege, which he was denied the opportunity of enjoying, is the possession by their parents of a sufficient income to place them in that position.

It is true that these incidents of Professor Hilton's career happened in the years before the War; but the condition still obtains that there are many who are unable to avail themselves of the opportunities to which their mental equipment should entitle them, purely on account of a crushing need for every possible shilling to be earned, to supplement a meagre family budget.

Weston-super-Mare

C. B. MARSH

Father Martindale's letter published in THE LISTENER of February 20 is puzzling in its motive. It would seem short-sighted for so eminent an apologist of a Christian Church to place himself perilously near what seems to me self-contradiction.

In my article, 'The Church at Bay', I stated the Christian values in their primary and simplest forms, and urged that the need of the world was for individuals to live according to those principles. The next issue of THE LISTENER contained an article by Father Martindale entitled 'How Jesus Christ Lived', which I read with interest. Any man reading those two articles, mine and his, could not help being struck by the similarity of them, both of expression and content, concerning the principles of the Christian life. Father Martindale then writes a letter in which he begs leave 'to say the exact opposite to what I am told Mr. McCulloch has said'. Then he goes on, not to contradict me but to endorse the view I had expressed, 'Men perceive that politically and socially they are in a welter. They had become opportunists without guiding principles', etc. The only conclusion I can draw is that Father Martindale was ill-informed.

The Church of Rome, he says, cannot build fast enough. Neither can the Church of England. And I hope the Quakers are finding urgent need for more meeting-houses. Nevertheless, both Father Martindale and I have to face the fact, for instance, that only 5 per cent. of the population of Greater London go near a church of any kind. Neither aggressive Romanism, nor patient Anglicanism, nor simple Quakerism is proving dis-

tinctively able to give a desired expression to the vast amorphous religious opinion which is spread throughout the other 95 per cent. It is not the time to state the claims of one Church or another, but rather the critical moment to state the Christian values with absolute clarity and in their essential simplicity, as Father Martindale has stated them in his article and as I have stated them in mine. Both he and I agree on the essentials, the principles which he has said Christ provided and which 'should issue into the only true peace, union and universal brotherhood of men'.

London, S.W.1

JOSEPH McCULLOCH

Roman Catholic Doctrine of Hell

Father Martindale in his two broadcast lectures on the Life and Death of Jesus Christ has presented the Catholic stand-point with one important omission. He has never mentioned Hell, and one is left wondering whether the Roman Catholic Church is weakening in its adherence to this doctrine of eternal torments. Would Father Martindale tell us whether he agrees with the present Archbishop of York, a stalwart defender of Orthodoxy who nevertheless thus corrects the Creed of the Church to an Oxford audience: 'One thing we can say with confidence: everlasting torment is to be ruled out' (*Christian Faith and Life*, page 81)? I venture to address this question to Father Martindale through the publicity of your correspondence columns because of a letter from him in the same issue as his lecture wherein, in testifying to the enormous amount of prayer in the modern world, he instances 300,000 men going to Mass in the streets of Buenos Aires. I should like to believe that this was a disinterested love of God after the manner of Father Martindale's lecture, but being familiar with ordinary Catholic teaching one cannot rule out the fear of Hell.

Liverpool

F. HEMING VAUGHAN

Protest

In THE LISTENER of February 20 I note (1) a leading article in disparagement of Darwin, apparently written by a Roman Catholic; (2) a criticism of modern philosophy by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, a Roman Catholic; (3) a two-page sermon by a Jesuit; and (4) a long propagandist letter by a Jesuit. It would appear that THE LISTENER has now come under the same management as *The Tablet*.

Usk

[We do not think that any regular reader will accuse THE LISTENER of showing undue favour or disfavour to any sectarian religious element.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Science and Pseudo-Science—a Reply

Your leading article of February 20, called 'Science and Pseudo-Science', gives a false impression both of the existing state of knowledge and also of the nature of scientific method. It gives the impression that only pseudo-scientists—false scientists—believe in the evolution of man from lower forms. This impression must be corrected. There is no-one who has studied the facts who denies the evolution of man from lower forms. Scientists who know no more about living organisms than I know about thermionic valves may question it, but no-one who studies the subject does so. Another impression given by the article is that our knowledge of man's ancestry is built up on two or three pieces of jaw-bone or skull. It is perhaps almost unnecessary to remind listeners that this is not so.

The statements which give the impressions referred to above are too obviously erroneous to be very damaging, but there is one sentence which is much more likely to do harm to the cause of truth. 'Scientists who have been brought up in Darwinian orthodoxy may sincerely desire to preach their faith'. That is insidiously damaging, because it may not be immediately obvious to everyone that this is an attack upon science. For many years the B.B.C. has employed me to give talks upon science and scientific method, and I therefore feel called upon to refute this piece of propaganda against science. As for the use of the term 'faith', to be a scientist one requires to have no faith. One's beliefs go with the weight of the evidence. There is no orthodoxy in science; one only believes what one is compelled to believe by a calm review of the facts. If new facts are made known, which show that our previous opinions were false, then, as scientists, we discard our old opinions and start again. That is the whole basis of science. Large parts of Darwin's theories have been shown to be wrong and we unhesitatingly reject them. His theory that man is descended from an ape-like

stock has not been shown to be untrue. The evidence for it has become stronger and stronger, especially in recent years.

University Museum, Oxford

JOHN R. BAKER

The Magic Circle and Karachi's Challenge

At the Rope Trick meeting in London on April 30, 1934, I, in the name of the Occult Committee, offered five hundred guineas to any person who would perform the *Indian Rope Trick*. As some of your correspondents do not seem to know what the Indian Rope Trick is, I quote from my book *The Myth of the Mystic East*, published by Blackwood in September, 1934. In the Trick 'a rope is thrown upward and remains taut and vertical in mid-air. It not only defies the force of gravity, but actually permits a boy to climb up it, hand over hand, and to disappear. Later, the same boy comes back from another part of the compound'. There is our challenge, never altered from the first. We stand by it.

London, W.1

R. H. ELLIOT

Chairman of the Occult Committee of the Magic Circle

Much has been said and written lately in, round and about the Indian Rope Trick, but nothing so tiresome as your correspondence which tries to make a case by bisecting and dissecting statements. The latest culprit is Mr. H. L. Beales, who quotes a particular edition of a certain dictionary to tell us the meaning of the word 'trick'. I doubt but that if Colonel Elliot had employed a Parliamentary lawyer to phrase his challenge, somebody would have got up and tried, by means of separating the context into sentences, then into phrases and finally into words only, to prove that the challenge meant something totally different.

For Heaven's sake let us get a proper angle on the subject. No sensibly minded person is under any misapprehension as to what Colonel Elliot meant to convey in his challenge. Tales about the Indian Rope Trick had grown to such lengths and included such incredible details that the general public might have been forgiven if they assumed that there was something of the 'mystical East' about it all—how else, if the stories were true, could these impossible things have happened? Colonel Elliot rightly challenged this assumption and backed the challenge with a money offer of £500 to the first person who would perform the Indian Rope Trick before the Magic Circle. But it is little short of impudence on the part of Karachi's supporters to take up this challenge or so to distort its meaning as to make it cover Karachi's performance. Probably there is not one amongst the Magic Circle who could not have put up a better show than Karachi. His is just 'a trick', and a poor one at that—it is certainly not the Indian Rope Trick.

Dartford

A. LEVEY

I saw the words 'defy the force of gravity' in the letter you published on February 13, and they are repeated in a letter in your issue of February 20. What do they mean fundamentally? Shall we understand that, for example, a table 'defies' the force of gravity when it keeps a book lying on it from falling to the floor? And is it by 'defiance' of the force of gravity that the surface of the earth keeps us from sinking through it to what is below?

Newcastle-on-Tyne

THOMAS CARTER

Women of India

Mr. S. Sammuganathan is not helping the women of India by suggesting that their sufferings through ignorant midwifery and enforced widowhood are almost negligible. Lala Rajpat Rai, in his Presidential speech in 1925, said, 'The condition of child-widows is indescribable'. Sir Surendranath Banerjea, in his 'A Nation in the Making', declares that 'the lot of the Hindu widow today remains very much the same that it was fifty years ago. There are few to wipe her tears, and to remove the enforced widowhood that is her lot'. Mr. Gandhi has said, 'To force widowhood upon little girls is a brutal crime for which we Hindus are daily paying dearly'. There are nearly twenty-seven millions of widows in India. Trained women doctors practising in India have noted the horrors of ignorant midwifery which are far too common and terrible to make complacency possible. Here is one suggestive detail: in Bengal, 11.4 of infant mortality is due to tetanus at birth.

Having studied these and allied subjects during thirty years, and having resided in the United Provinces in close touch with the plain people, for nearly twenty years, I give my opinion

that it is Lady Layton who presents the facts in their correct perspective.

Leeds

C. PHILLIPS CAPE

Miriam and Morale

Perhaps Canon Deane won't be antagonised if I say that his choice of 'Miriam's Song' to read aloud and comment on with such enthusiasm seems not quite fortunate, from the point of view of morale. Was it so splendid that the horse and his rider perished *en masse*? The Rabbis, at any rate, in spite of the excuse of patriotism, guessed the contrary. I like their cautionary tale of the Archangels wanting to hold a festival to celebrate the Egyptians' destruction and being called to order by the Eternal One—'What! Rejoice over the destruction of My creatures?'

London, N.W.11

G. M. HORT

The Severn Bore

My attention has been drawn to the picture you published on February 13 of the 'Severn Bore approaching Gloucester Bridge'. The bridge in your picture is not the Gloucester Bridge at all, but a bridge situated at Maisemore, a village two miles away from the city of Gloucester.

The bore is not approaching the bridge, but has passed under it and is flowing away from it and up stream towards the Maisemore Weir, where the wave receives its final check. Again, the bore in question is not the highest of the year, inasmuch as the bore is due to arrive on March 7, when the highest recorded height at Sharpness is 32 ft. 4 in. at high tide.

Three conditions are necessary here for a good bore: (a) A high tide at Sharpness; (b) a low water level of the River Severn at Gloucester; and (c) a following wind, the latter being south-west.

Gloucester

HUBERT W. HAYDON

African Art

It may seem ungracious in an author, having received such generous publicity, to make any critical comment on Mr. Herbert Read's notice of the book, *Arts of West Africa* and the recent exhibition at the Adams Gallery. Nevertheless, I think that Mr. Read gets away with it a little too easily and yet does not get your readers anywhere very useful.

Like Mr. Stanley Casson before him, Mr. Read is at pains to show that there is no future before Negro Art as such, and that the twin European influences of colonisation and Christianity, particularly Christianity, have made it impossible. Therefore, so much the worse for Europe and Christianity! I feel sure that is the impression he wishes readers of his article to be left with. It is interesting to notice how he does it.

First of all he isolates two passages from my essay and that of Sir Michael Sadler which seem to contradict each other. He then implies that I would seek to 'revive' the primitive Negro Art which he agrees depends on the inspiration of primitive religion. The whole of my essay was devoted to show that I was not out to 'revive' anything. I do not believe in revivals of forms. I was out to create, or to get the Negro to create, something which he had never attempted before, a form of pictorial expression in which he could believe. This was a much more difficult, and I think, more important thing to attempt. Then Mr. Read seeks to prove his point by saying that the modern Negro work is so poor in quality. In the first place one can only say that, considering what was going on in the name of art teaching when I landed in Africa, the miracle is that the modern work, such as we showed at the exhibition, can be done at all. Secondly, it is not fair to compare the work of a handful of students with the finished accomplishment of generations of primitive sculptors. One might just as well compare the 'summer compositions' of any of our art schools with the masterpieces in the Tate Gallery. Lastly, many good judges feel that the drawings and paintings are not so poor in quality as Mr. Read would suggest, and those of us who understand the business of training the artist as distinct from theorising about him, regard them as promising in the highest degree.

I do not consider that Mr. Read has made out his case on any of these counts. In other words, his attack on the Christianising of Africa is ineffectual. Granted that in the past, over-zealous missionaries have made many mistakes, nevertheless, the impulse which is continually seeking today to refine and check up on the mistakes and assumptions of education in the past, owes its origin to the spirit of Christ and nothing less than that. As an

artist who values the art of the primitive order of things in Africa, I cannot see anything to fear in the conversion of the African to the Christian Religion, in the substitute of a higher for a lower religious inspiration. But (and here, Mr. Read may say that I am begging the question) when I say 'Christian Religion' I do not mean the Church of England, or any other European Church. So far from the real conversion being complete, I would say that it is only just beginning.

Eastbourne

G. A. STEVENS

Appeal to Better Nature?

Will not the B.B.C. allow Sir R. Blomfield to live his last years in peace and contentment? All this talk on modern art only makes him very unhappy. Fifty years hence those of us who remain and have kept our copies of THE LISTENER may come across the report on his discussion with Mr. Eric Newton and may be amused, but now we expect the B.B.C. to be topical with its entertainments. Every dog has his day, and Sir Reginald has had a very good day—much better than many of us, of a younger generation living in a world of depression, can ever hope to have.

Batley School of Art

A. H. ANDREWS

New Novels

IN HER BROADCAST TALK on February 20, Miss E. M. Delafield reviewed the following novels :

A House Divided, by Pearl Buck (Methuen, 7s. 6d.): 'A story of modern China, and present-day problems seen through the eyes of a Chinese youth—Wang Yuan . . . Mrs. Buck gets her effect again and again, and it is not a spurious effect—an effect produced by mere cleverness. It is something that has its roots in a profound insight, a high degree of artistry and a great knowledge of her chosen subject'.

A London Story, by George Buchanan (Constable, 7s. 6d.): 'is a remarkably sensitive and intelligent book, entirely concerned with very young people living in the London of today . . . The author's theme is really implicit in one sentence of which he makes use: "The ability to doubt—how many people are afraid to doubt". To be afraid to doubt is to be afraid of thinking clearly. Mr. Buchanan himself has thought—and has given us the result in his curiously fascinating book'.

The White Peony, by Evelyn Herbert (Cape, 7s. 6d.): 'tells about the Pritchard family—Benny, the odd, meek, rather feckless little father; Louisa, the shrewish, dominating mother, and their three daughters. The characters are particularly well-drawn. . . . The construction of the book is the least satisfactory thing about it'.

Sinbad the Soldier, by P. C. Wren (Murray, 7s. 6d.): 'Sinbad's real name is Dysart. He enlists as a private in the Life Guards, then suddenly transports himself to Africa for no particular reason except, perhaps, that his author has an unequalled gift of writing about Arabs and their often very disconcerting behaviour. . . . A first-class book of its kind'.

The Preacher, by M. E. Ince (Dent, 7s. 6d.): 'Eddie Delham is the son of a Norfolk farmer, and he believes himself called by God to become a preacher. Oddly enough, this becomes quite credible—because Eddie himself is a credible character. So, in fact, are all the people in the story. The plot is not so convincing, and the end, especially, struck me as forced and unreal'.

The Five Suspects, by R. A. J. Walling (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.): 'A mystery story which opens well . . . but about half-way through I felt that it was all becoming too complicated. On the whole, this makes reasonably good reading.'

Strangers Come Home, by Ronald Macdonald Douglas (MacLehose, 7s. 6d.): 'is a collection of character-studies, through which a single thread runs—the defeat of the idealist by the cruelty, or the stupidity, or the mere futility of life. I thought all of the stories well-written and very sincere'.

The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze, by William Saroyan (Faber, 7s. 6d.): 'Sketches in the same ultra-modern idiom, and with that same jerkiness, that absence of punctuation, that was once so startling and is now so tedious. Still, to every author his style. . . . The real question in my mind is whether these rather sordid descriptions of rather brutal, and entirely humourless, episodes, were worth making at all'.

Books and Authors

Attitudes to Poverty

The Exemplary Mr. Day. By Sir S. H. Scott. Faber. 8s. 6d.

Time to Spare. By Eleven Unemployed. Edited by Felix Greene. Allen and Unwin. 5s.

Russia's Iron Age. By W. H. Chamberlin. Duckworth. 15s.

Among the Wolves. By Father Icilio Felici. Alexander Ouseley. 3s. 6d.

Reviewed by G. K. CHESTERTON

HOW quickly revolutions grow old; and, worse still, grow respectable. I grow old but, humbly and prayerfully, I trust not respectable; my instincts are all revolutionary and I have a sympathy with all the revolutions I want to talk about just now. But if you don't know what I mean, consider the story of Mr. Day. Most people have heard of *Sandford and Merton*, as an old goody-goody fable of a good boy and a bad boy; few have read it; I read it as a child and loved it. Children adore moralising. But even I in infancy thought it a very old-fashioned book. But in fact *Sandford and Merton* was a bombshell; a Bolshevik pamphlet of a hundred-and-fifty years ago. Do not be surprised. A hundred-and-fifty years hence, men will read a Bolshevik pamphlet and wonder how people could have been so narrow. A novelty is always narrow; for it cannot include the past.

The book concerned is *The Exemplary Mr. Day*, by Sir S. H. Scott. Mr. Day was a gentleman, very much a gentleman, who took very seriously the democratic ideas of Rousseau and the Revolution; that simple pleasures are best, that liberty is better than luxury, and the poor generally better than the rich; in which he was what we call Arcadian, Utopian, sentimental, romantic and incidentally quite right. He was so serious that he went hunting for an ideal wife; and brought up two she-urchins from the slums to see which showed the first signs of ideality. The pathos of this farce is that he was not only really falling in love with one of them, but she was nearly falling in love with him; and if he had had a grain of humour or commonsense, his wild experiment might have scored after all. As it was, they both went off and married other men, and he, eventually, another yet more carefully trained woman. But I like Mr. Day. He was a prig; but he was not an egoist. There is not a trace of that scratch of self-love which would have made many men spiteful about the women who walked out on him. He was simply a vast, magnificent, magnanimous ass; but always remember that in so far as he taught that it is better to make a living on a farm and be a philosopher than to make a fortune in foreign trade and be a bounder, he not only said what the wisest have said in all ages, but what multitudes are saying again in this age. All over Europe the peasantries are replanted; and even in America thousands have gone back to the farm.

Mr. Day was slightly mad; but something much madder has destroyed him; the maddest of all revolutions—the Industrial Revolution. More even than others, it thought of nothing but its own novelty. The past was uprooted far more recklessly by the Industrial Revolution than by the French Revolution. Its agents were intelligent; they read economics; they read Ricardo and Mill; they would have been wiser to read *Sandford and Merton*. Everything was sacrificed to economic wealth, or apparent wealth; thought, thrift, beauty, dignity, independence—all the daydreams of Day. That was the commercial nineteenth century; and what did it do? It made nearly all men servants of the rich—servants better treated sometimes (better conditions below stairs) but independent small property vanished; and the great mass are what we call employed. Or rather by this time the judgment has come; and a great mass are unemployed.

If you want to know what that means, read a book called *Time to Spare*, by eleven unemployed men, edited by Felix Greene. It will make you shake, and you want shaking. So do I; and I was shaken all right. Nothing I may say, could be better than the introduction by Mr. Mais, except perhaps its quotation from Mr. Priestley; but the bulk of the book is authentic evidence by people out of work, and very heartrending evidence it is. But I am a rationalist out for breaking heads rather than rending hearts; and I will here quote only one case, because it exactly illustrates what I mean by the modern dependence of the poor on the rich. A man explains that the Corporation for which he had worked, also owned the building where he lived. They gave him the sack and immediately afterwards sternly demanded the rent. In plain words, the same rich man took

away all the workman's money with one hand and held out the other hand for more money. May I add one word: whatever you do, do not be reassured; do not read the newspapers that talk about trade revival and say we have turned the corner; an ominous word in modern commerce. The improvement, if real, is very small. A drop in the ocean, as Noah said when he thought he saw a split hair of difference in the level of the universal Deluge. If we face facts, as in this book, we can survive them as we survived the Black Death or the Barbarian Invasion. But if we go about being hopeful, then there is no hope.

Which naturally brings us to the talk of remedies. It brings us first to the clear, the consistent, the simple, indeed the quite obvious remedy, of Communism. If our Press and publicists knew how to think, or even how to fight, they would begin the fight with Communism by recognising how very simple it is, and in one aspect how self-evident it is. They prefer to pretend to be puzzled; in the vain hope of looking stupider than they are. Socialism is no more complicated than suicide. Like suicide, it may be a desperate remedy, but it is not a doubtful remedy; in the sense of a subtle or involved remedy. In both cases, the objection is also simple; that some people dislike abandoning life and others abandoning liberty. Don't think I'm so silly as to suppose we have much liberty left; but it is certain that Bolshevism would leave us less. My objection to Communism is that it is the crowning triumph of Capitalism; the completion of a process; the shops devoured by the stores and the stores devoured by the State.

The very able book before me, *Russia's Iron Age*, by W. H. Chamberlin, happens to be mainly a criticism of Bolshevism; but a very level-headed and liberal criticism. But that is an accident; I have read a score of very able defences of Bolshevism. All agree, especially the Bolsheviks, that Bolshevism is what I call a tyranny. It does the good work a tyranny can do. Mr. Chamberlin admires its efficiency in education, perhaps more than I should; many more people are taught to read and write. I always wonder whether many people, or any people, are taught to see and hear. You could not persuade Ukrainian peasants that there was no famine; but you can persuade newspaper-readers in the North that there is not much unemployment. But most will agree that the tribute to education is a great tribute. On the other side, they must recognise the testimony of the same witness that the whole country is full of fear. That is tyranny; everybody is afraid of a tyrant, especially a benevolent tyrant. A free country is one that is not full of fear. You know by now I have no illusions about our own country, where everybody is in fear of the sack. But the sack is not the same as being shot or jailed at any minute without any trial; and, as to starvation, Mr. Chamberlin, a very sober writer, does not hesitate to say definitely that Moscow forced on the famine to break the independence of the peasantry.

It so happened that, while I was toiling with these huge sociological tomes, I was reading another book so totally different that I hesitate to touch on it; but the rudest sketch of poverty would not be historically complete, without adding that there is another attitude to these things. You may know my views on some matters; and may discount them as you please. But this fourth position is that of the man who has himself an ambition to be poor. This is the story of a Franciscan who lived exactly like St. Francis of Assisi; who called the wolf a brother and the robber a friend. It is called *Among the Wolves*, by Father Felici. It is not specially literary; but it convinces us of a conviction that the friar was rising in the universe by not rising in the world. And somehow or other, certainly, he was more loved than the philanthropic Mr. Day, more trusted than the social centres in the North, and less feared than the Communist Government. I think it all rests on courtesy; on his complimenting the poor by wanting to be of their company. If we are thinking about poverty, and God knows I hope we are, this fourth angle or attitude is worthy of a moment of your thoughts.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Growing Opinions. Edited by Alan Campbell

Johnson. Methuen. 6s.

THE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS BOOK are sixteen young men and women between the ages of nineteen and twenty-five. Most of them 'have been and still are at a university', and write, accordingly, like people who are used to discussing everything a great deal with their equals, so that their essays, which touch on a variety of important subjects, have on the whole the usefulness of sensible, well-informed and up-to-date conversation. At the same time they are not free from youthful faults. Although the writers would all no doubt be at one in disliking a portentous manner, some have not altogether managed to avoid it, and here and there they deliver platitudes in an oracular tone, and here and there they are not without pedantry. If they are to be regarded as learners rather than teachers, they may be admired for the seriousness, responsibility, and lack of complacency in their approach to the complex problems of the world today. Professor J. B. S. Haldane contributes a preface in which he describes them as 'far clearer-headed than were their predecessors ten years ago', but complains that they are wholly ignorant of scientific method. At all events, they are only offering their opinions, and must not be looked to for such life-giving ideas as are only usually the fruit of exceptional, prolonged and private struggles on the part of individuals.

Great things are done when men and mountains meet,
This is not done by jostling in the street.

Mr. Michael Mathews on 'Youth and Music' shows a good understanding of the great truth that what is finest is not easily won or enjoyed. Mr. Peter Glenville's views on the theatre are thoroughly sound, and Mr. Spencer Barrett on 'The Greek Tradition' has learning and good sense, and is an example of a man who has made the best use of his education. Two of the best contributions are by women: Miss Dorothy Hyson on 'Careers for Women' is concise and direct, and Miss Sally Graves on 'Growing Opinions in Ireland' not only writes well but throws light on that neighbouring country towards which as a people we are so strangely indifferent. Political problems receive the attention of the editor and of Mr. Frank Hardie, who says 'it is probably only sober historical truth to say that in the mass this generation of undergraduates works harder and thinks harder than any previous generation. Certainly it is true that it has readier access to first-hand sources of political information'. For 'vigorous and courageous Socialist leadership' Mr. Hardie looks to Sir Stafford Cripps. It is a pity that the only contribution that deals with literature is weak and inadequate.

Themes and Conventions of Elizabethan Tragedy

By M. C. Bradbrook. Cambridge. 12s. 6d.

An able and well-documented work, worth getting even if you disagree with it for its collection of evidence for its opinions. The main theme is that the Elizabethan stage character is not a consistent 'personality', that the unity of an Elizabethan play (when it has any) is a poetical one, and that it is built by taking separate scenes (and their poetry) as symbols or allegories which light up each other. Bradley's method, by which a Shakespeare play was the material for a set of biographies, will only work on Shakespeare, if at all. People are held back from acting in character so as to play a situation for all it is worth; in a given scene they are generally either black or white; their motives are obvious if they have any; and their soliloquies merely tell the audience what to think about them. You have to guess at their character by putting together these vehement separate scenes, and even then the character is not so important as the whole thought of the play. Certainly without this approach one cannot see much point in the double plots of Webster or the knotted horrors of Tourneur, and in Miss Bradbrook's hands the method leads at once to interesting detailed work.

But it is no use throwing away character altogether, and it is not clear how far Miss Bradbrook would go. She sometimes seems to feel that all symbolism is good; we are told not to laugh when thunder answers Vendice's appeal for vengeance (in 'The Revenger's Tragedy') because this is symbolism. It is funny because he doesn't deserve it, and the reason the trick is just tolerable is that it turns out to be irony; Heaven takes vengeance on

Vendice too. The test of the symbolism here is a judgment of the characters. Her judgment against 'The White Devil' is that 'the feelings are meant to be naturalistic but the characters are not'; this is largely true, and goes far to explain the effect of astonishment which is the force of the play. She says that Vendice is actually a new individual when disguised, and that the audience saw him as alternately very good and very bad—a fine piece of symbolism; but that the White Devil is both splendid and wicked at once, which we all know to be impossible—'this blurring of contradictory qualities is different from their juxtaposition and clearly a sign of decadence'. Such a view is obviously too limited. The great figures of Elizabethan tragedy have a tormented and violent freedom; they sum up in their own natures all the splendour and the evil of their imaginary Italy; we feel that they may do anything. This made it possible to fit their actions into a 'pattern of character and structure of theme' and to limit their motives to a flash of poetry, but does not mean that we need not try to imagine them. Vendice is a rigidly consistent (though wildly queer) character, and if he were not, the pattern he is fitted into would be pointless. One can hardly call the White Devil consistent, but the idea behind that is that women are mysteries; they are such grand liars that they hardly know what they are doing. The Queen in Marlowe's 'Edward II' is noble and pathetic and even sincere; one listens to her flat speeches with horror because there is no guessing whom she will next betray. A woman critic may refuse to be impressed by this, but cannot say there is no attempt to describe character. The point is not that Miss Bradbrook's interpretations are wrong; the part about the poetical unity is true and important, the attack on character shows both how such characters were reached and how the groundlings came to understand such plays enough to enjoy them. One needs to test a play by starting from her ideas and seeing if it keeps within them. But one great thing about the Elizabethans was that they never formulated their conventions; at any moment we may be startled by the shock of truth when a convention is flung aside.

A History of Europe. By the Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher. Vol. I. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.

Mr. H. G. Wells, in defence of his *Outline of History*, pleaded very justly 'why was it left to me to attempt this task?' and if he had done no more than this, he would have earned the gratitude of thousands who do really wish to know what the past was like. Mr. Fisher steps forward now and wipes off that implied reproach, to the great advantage of the public. The present volume is such as all would have expected from him; not only very learned and lucid, but rising at times to eloquence. He has not lost his power of giving a whole page in an epigram; e.g. 'Purity of race does not exist: Europe is a continent of energetic mongrels' (page 12) or 'The sea is a source of infinite refreshment' (page 9).

Even Mr. Fisher's work, however, occasionally shows how much still remains to be done before any single historian, though he were of the greatest our universities could produce, could guide us quite safely over all ancient and mediæval and modern times. He writes, for instance, that we have 'no complete means of checking' the alleged death of 57,000 men at Norwich in the year of the Black Death (page 319); yet we can prove with practical certainty that mediæval Norwich had never so many as 20,000 souls, and that the class which was likely to suffer most, the parish clergy, did not lose 50 per cent. The foundation of Cambridge University, again, is post-dated by a whole century (page 249). These are comparatively small matters: but Mr. Fisher prints, with his strong sense of justice, as a set-off against his own description of St. Thomas Aquinas' thought, a counterplea from a Roman Catholic or Anglo-Catholic friend who undertakes to justify St. Thomas' conclusion that the saints in heaven rejoice over the sufferings of the damned. He raises no protest against this friend's suggestion that the Saint's conclusion seems horrible to modern minds only because 'many think in their hearts that the Middle Ages must have been cruel and superstitious and quite inferior to ourselves, and so they seize on this text without reflection'. Yet, in fact, those who have most right to criticise this text do so on the strictly reflective ground that it mirrors the 'idola' of an age which, from a mass of documentary sources, we know to have

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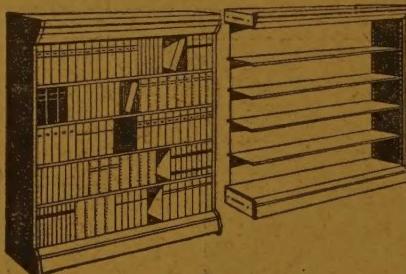
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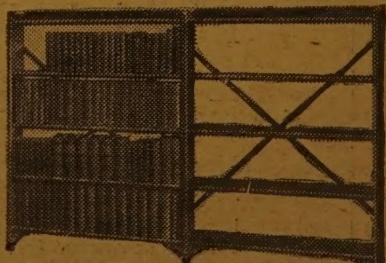
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been dominated by eschatological ideas more cruel than any preacher would dare to emphasise nowadays, whether Catholic or not. St. Thomas' sections on the pains of hell, though more moderate than those of mediaeval mission-preachers, are far longer and more lurid than Calvin's. He takes it for granted that only a small minority of human souls will escape that hell. There is scarcely one among the typical Roman Catholic doctrines of today which can boast such an unbroken tradition, for at least seventeen centuries, as that of the Fewness of the Saved. St. Thomas, therefore, loyally accepting this tradition, and also accepting ideas of Biblical inerrancy far stricter than his modern exponents like to recognise, was logically driven to a terrible conclusion which, if he had been an even greater genius than he was, might well have compelled him to search strictly and impartially for the flaw in his premises. This question has been one of the most important in the story of human thought, it is far older even than Lucretius; and historians of the Middle Ages cannot finally leave the verdict open like this. Mr. Fisher has done what one man could; but many important fields of history still remain only half-tilled.

North-West by North. By Dora Birtles. Cape. 10s. 6d.

Since Captain Slocum sailed round the world in the *Spray* there have been many similar little-ship voyages. (At this very moment there are known to be at least five such enterprises in progress.) The records of these odysseys are often a disappointment to the man who stays at home: but when they are written by someone whose literary skill matches their seamanship and their courage we get a book like Alain Gerbault's *In Quest of the Sun* or William Albert Robinson's *Deep Water and Shoal*. In quality though not in kind *North-West by North* ranks with these two. Mrs. Birtles and her companions made a shorter and safer journey than the one which these thirty-foot boats usually achieve; they sailed from Sydney to Singapore, with deviations, in about eight months. They were, too, a larger crew than the average one of these voyages; and it is this circumstance that gives singularity to the narrative. Between the two men and the three women who spent these months together in such close quarters there developed a complicated psychological situation; and the log which Mrs. Birtles has written up of this delicate piece of emotional navigation gives a sort of third dimension to her record of passages and landfalls and narrow squeaks. At least three of the five were old friends; but the narrow elbow-room of life on a little ship set up strains from the very first day. Mannerisms grew into mountains overnight; there were squalls of temperament, half-hearted reconciliations, little balances of power that swung this way and that. Yet on the surface they were partners in a most eventful voyage. They explored the Great Barrier Reef, they dawdled among the Spice Islands, they saw queer things in Dutch New Guinea. They had six weeks becalmed near the Equator, and came pretty near to starvation before they got to Singapore. The merit of the book is in its extraordinary amalgamation of these two elements. As a chronicle of adventure it is as good as anything of its kind; and it excels its kind in candid analysis of situations which must be as common as they are unrecorded in voyages of this nature. Out of the rich material of her experiences Mrs. Birtles has created something which reads more like a first-rate novel than a traveller's story. In a class of literature where the standards are high nowadays, *North-West by North* is both original and distinguished.

Essays in Musical Analysis. By D. F. Tovey. Vols. I and II. Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d. each

That a collection of notices written for the programmes of a symphony concert association should turn out to be as fascinating, far-reaching, and coherent a book on music as one could ever wish to read remains almost a miracle, even after Sir Donald Tovey's scholarship, acumen, long-headedness, gift of exposition, and consistency of outlook have been duly taken into account. These first two volumes (out of five) deal with symphonies—mostly classical, but also a few by modern composers—and other kinds of orchestral works, on all of which the author has things to say which will make the reader long to go straight from the book to the works discussed, with the certainty that, however well he knows them, he will perceive at every step much that he had not yet consciously perceived. There is no need to stress the fact that, as Sir Donald himself puts it, 'the essays are unavoidably optimistic in tone, the duty of the writer of programme-notes being that of counsel for the

defence'. The notices were written for the programmes of his own concerts (the Reid Concerts, Edinburgh) where 'he had no reason to produce any music he disliked'. And so the book is unlike any other of the same kind, not only because of the author's power and lucidity and capacity for vivid imagery, both in earnest exegesis and in satire, but because it does not contain a single line that is not the expression of something deeply felt and clearly understood. Therefore, although it is one for readers genuinely and keenly interested in music, and does not aim at promoting 'comprehension without tears', everybody should be advised to read it and read it again—an enjoyable task in whose wake much further enjoyment is sure to come. One may disagree, of course, with a good deal in it: but with implications rather than actual statements Sir Donald has a wonderful knack, while making a point of carrying, almost *sans avoir l'air d'y toucher*, the war into the enemy camp with devastating effects. For instance, he will remark, while analysing a Haydn Symphony:

His contemporaries found him noisy; and today our more sensitive disciples of Rimsky-Korsakov blame Beethoven for a treatment of the trumpets which is demonstrably less violent than Haydn's.

Thus, these sensitive persons, and also Rimsky-Korsakov (for his remarks, in his treatise of orchestration, on Beethoven's trumpet parts), are pilloried without Sir Donald even having deigned to discuss the allegations to which he referred. But, ninety-nine times-out of a hundred, readers will feel that even when disagreeing most emphatically, they are learning something worth knowing. Here is one more quotation, of a different order:

Listen to Bruckner's music humbly: not with the humility with which you would hope to learn music from Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, but with the humility you would feel if you overheard a simple old soul talking to a child about sacred things. Bruckner's helplessness is not in itself a virtue, but to despise it is to miss the main lesson of the masters.

This is Sir Donald at his most creative.

The Story of England's Architecture

By T. E. Tallmadge. Dent. 12s. 6d.

The most saddening reflections upon the uglification of the world are evoked by the discovery that an observant American can describe the English countryside as unspoilt. It is not that Mr. Tallmadge does not know England well: he manifestly does. It can only mean that he knows another country which has surpassed even our sporadic construction of purposeless vulgarity. If that is so, it will be well for the American to see what remains of Europe as soon as may be, and especially of England, for our country is vanishing faster than most: and to that end Mr. Tallmadge has provided a stimulating guide, full of matter, no mere index of historic monuments but an historical survey with a certain background of æsthetic theory.

It may be that in the past we have too readily mocked the zeal of Transatlantic tourists when they photographed the half-timber of the 'nineties or thrilled responsively to Lord Grimthorpe or Sir Gilbert Scott. Does the well-informed Englishman never make the same mistakes? Mr. Tallmadge writes frankly on the meaning of genuineness in ancient buildings, and shows by implication that the question is not so simple as that. But the most notable feature of this book is its vast range, for in something over 300 pages it goes from the Roman period to the Shell-Mex Building. Not all epochs are equally covered: some will think that our Roman period has more architectural remains than are here suggested: others will feel that the country houses of early Renaissance type deserve more admiration, and it is hard not to think that the most modern phase suffers because the author relates it too much to American skyscrapers and too little to the more logical functionalism of the Continent. But on the despised nineteenth century, he is interesting: he relives its half-forgotten controversies of the 'styles', and sees its churches, stations and houses with a sympathetic eye and a perception of the personalities behind them. He may not succeed in making Pugin's Church at Ramsgate or Butterfield's Margaret-Street group into places of architectural pilgrimage for his fellow-countrymen: it takes a minute knowledge of England and the English to appreciate the Albert Memorial with just the right mixture of awe and amusement. Perhaps Mr. Tallmadge's mind is a little too English to be truly American: perhaps his style is here and there a little too racy to be typically English: but as a whole it is a bright and readable book with a useful map and appendix. Some of the photographs would be more impressive if they were larger.

French Literature of Today

Recent French Novels

THE Prix Goncourt has been given to *Capitaine Conan* by Roger Vercel (Albin Michel). This is a tale of the after-War period in south-eastern Europe and the chief characters are French officers: no women—or at least none of the kind that novelists have invented to serve as heroines; not many of the other kind, which is taken for granted and used freely. The main character is a 'warrior': a man who feels completely at home in war, and finds the real glow of life only when he is on the war-path. Captain Conan is a terror to the enemy—and a problem to his own side. A warrior, he is no soldier: he has not the slightest sense of discipline; so long as he kills many enemies, he considers that for the rest he behaves as he likes; as regards women, drink, personal belongings, army property. He is the man for *coups de main*; he has been allowed to pick a *groupe franc* from the division, and has gathered a collection of scoundrels who are up to any task on the line of battle and whose intervention has been the turning point of many fights.

Moi et mes gars, on l'a faite la guerre, on l'a gagné! C'est nous! Moi et ma poignée de types, on a fait trembler des armées, t'entends, des armées qui nous voyaient partout, qui ne pensaient plus qu'à nous, qui n'avaient peur que de nous dès que s'allumait la première fusée! . . . Tuer un type, tout le monde pouvait le faire, mais, en le tuant, loger la peur dans le crâne de dix mille autres, ça c'était notre boulot! Pour ça, fallait y aller au couteau, comprends-tu? C'est le couteau qui a gagné la guerre, pas le canon! Un poilu qui tiendrait contre un train blindé lâcherait à la seule idée que des types s'amènent avec un lingue . . . On est peut-être trois mille, pas plus, à s'en être servi, sur tous les fronts. C'est ces trois mille-là les vainqueurs, les vrais! Les autres n'avaient qu'à ramasser, derrière! . . . Et maintenant, ces salauds qui nous les ont distribués, larges comme ça, nos couteaux de nettoyeurs, nous crient: 'Cachez ça! Ce n'est pas une arme française, la belle épée nickelée de nos pères!' . . . Et puis, cachez vos mains aussi, vos sales mains qui ont barbotté dans le sang, alors que nous, on avait des gants pour pointer nos télémètres! . . . Et pendant que vous y êtes, cachez-vous aussi, avec vos gueules et vos souvenirs d'assassins! On ne peut pas vous montrer voyons! Regardez le bourreau s'il se tient peinard! Faites-en autant, ou gare!

For when the Armistice comes all these *gars* become a terror to their own side. They go on robbing, whoring, and even killing, rather as though the war was still on. They are ferocious animals, cunning and efficient; were their kind sufficiently numerous, society would be impossible. Yet society needs them to fight its wars: worse than that, society has called them up from peaceful avocations where their real nature would never have come out. Conan kept a small shop in a small town and used up his cunning in playing cards in a café.

The tale is told by a man of a different, what we should call a *normal* type: a young officer of intellectual tendencies, a former university student, who is brave and efficient (this is shown in a most artistic manner, without a word of boasting, largely through the feelings of other characters and Conan himself, for the narrator). This young man is appointed prosecutor with the military tribunal, and does his best to let off the usual irresponsible petty malefactors; but military justice limps badly when it comes up against the military pets, the real *killers*, who go on killing even in peace time. In the end, it becomes the narrator's duty to arrest Conan, who has more or less unintentionally killed his Bulgarian landlord when the poor man protested against damage to his property. The narrator resigns and is next sent to fight the Reds in Bessarabia. There is a small but lovely battle, and once more Conan and his gang save the day and the general once more forgives them all.

'Comptez sur votre général, faites-lui confiance! Pour l'instant, il ne vous dira qu'un mot: vous êtes redevenus dignes de ce beau nom de soldats!'

Je regardai ceux qu'on venait de glorifier, les préventionnaires et les condamnés qui se tenaient très droits, raidis dans leur fierté neuve. Je les regardais complaisamment, comme on regarde, avant de s'embarquer, le ventre solide d'un paquebot, comme on jouit, au haut d'une tour, de l'épaisseur d'un parapet. Il était bon, il était rassurant d'avoir de pareils défenseurs!

Puis je reconnus, au premier rang, le grand Beuillard, Grenais, Forgeol, le Palais de Glace, le groupe franc, et je me rappelai qu'ils ne tuaient si bien que parce qu'ils avaient le goût de tuer. Ils me firent horreur dans le même instant où je songeais qu'ils m'avaient sauvé la vie.

Such is the problem. A very real problem. Balzac, of course, had already dealt with it fully in *La Rabouilleuse* (by the way, one of Balzac's greatest books, though little known, because of the number of Balzac's great books). Philippe Bridau is a perfect

presentation of the hero-scoundrel. A great man in war, he is in peace time an embezzler, a murderer, a liar, everything you like: the untamable beast of prey. But Balzac remains completely objective: he weighs in the same scale Bridau's qualities and his vices; and he makes him a brother of Joseph Bridau, who is the great Delacroix transposed. Yet not a grain of sentiment in favour of Philippe is to be found in Balzac. This is, of course, where Roger Vercel fails: he cannot achieve that supreme indifference of real art, and lies open to suspicion of special pleading and sentimentality. There is a sort of presupposition through *Capitaine Conan* that somehow society is to blame.

Still, to take second rank behind Balzac is good enough. This is a very remarkable book, in which there is not a dull or a superfluous sentence, full of substantial information about human nature. It goes by the side of Malraux's *Condition humaine* and its subject is nearer to us. Drieu La Rochelle's *La Comédie de Charleroi* must also be mentioned in this summary notice of a revival of war literature in France. A curious symptom, all the more so because this is definitely better from the literary point of view than the first epidemic of war books. The experiences of the War become more susceptible of literature as one gets further away from the War: curiously enough, there is less sentimentality about these books than in Duhamel's, or Barbusse's, or Dorgelès'. And yet there is still too much, as my reference to Balzac proves; but then Balzac had never been to the wars. Let aspiring novelists with no war experience read *Capitaine Conan* as well as the other war books: a real masterpiece about the War can still be written.

Let them read also—and all other lovers of thrills too—the *Collection Le Risque—Aventures extraordinaires* published by Rieder. This is a series of tales mostly translated from English, Russian or German authors, which put Rider Haggard and his kind to shame.

La Baie des Trépassés, by Joseph Velter, recounts in a most telling manner the experiences of three Soviet scientists marooned in the Arctic; one of them invents a lady—a real one this time—and proceeds to write a diary of his experiences with her, and nearly gets himself murdered by one of his two fellow-sufferers who manages to read the diary undiscovered and falls in love also with this imaginary lady. Freud in the Arctic is even more amusing and more terrible than in Vienna.

Aragon, who won fame among the *surréalistes*, is turning out to be an excellent novelist. In *Les Cloches de Bâle* (Denöel et Steele) he gives a large fresco of French life before the War. The bells are those of the churches of Basle greeting the great Socialist Congress where Bebel, Jaurès and Keir Hardie met for the last time. They only ring through the last chapter, and the novel itself is largely concerned with the intrigues, the daily life and love affairs of the world of Rockefeller, Wendel, Krupp, Poutilov and the rest, with whom, according to Aragon, the responsibilities for the War lay. Yet this is no pacifist or political novel. Indeed references to politics are frequent, but they are such as are incident to the ordinary thoughts and talk of ordinary people. *Les Cloches de Bâle* is a sort of *Forsyte Saga* placed in France, but endowed with much more realism than Galsworthy could muster. Indeed, love, in its many varieties, plays the chief part in a tale that cannot be retold in brief, because it is too complicated, too desultory, too close to the run of ordinary life. If you could imagine a small dose of Proust injected as a sort of vaccine against false sentiment into the *Forsyte Saga*, you might have an idea of *Les Cloches de Bâle*, which is a very serious contribution to literature. It recreates admirably the stuffy atmosphere of danger and hypocrisy of the years 1900-1913 and makes the reader feel, even through the mere presentation of private lives, that something had to happen. One very slight hint makes me believe that a sequel will come. It will be welcome.

DENIS SAURAT

The Council for the Preservation of Rural England announces an Anti-Litter Poster Competition, in which a First Prize of £30 and a Second Prize of £10 are offered. The design, which is to be submitted to the C.P.R.E. not later than Tuesday, April 30, must be 22½ inches by 35 inches. The Secretary of the C.P.R.E., 17 Great Marlborough Street, W.1, can supply entry forms and full particulars of the competition.